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OUR NEIGHBORS THE JAPANESE



JOSEPH KING GOODRICH

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THE *Old Sacred Bridge, Nikko*

Our Neighbors: **The Japanese**

BY
JOSEPH KING GOODRICH
Sometime Professor in the Imperial College, Kyoto

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



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Our Neighbors: **The Japanese**

CHAPTER I

THE JAPANESE STORY OF CREATION

ALL peoples who are thought to be of any importance in this world have — each nation or tribe for itself — their own story of how this earth was created. Christian peoples accept the account given by Moses, the great historian who wrote the story told in the first book of our Holy Bible. This account, however, is also accepted by the Jews, and all members of those two religious bodies, Christian and Jewish, agree that this Creation was the act of the one living and true God. It does not make any difference with this belief that most Christians and some Jews have come to put a different interpretation upon the Genesis story from that which was generally accepted by all peoples a few hundred years ago.

Other nations and tribes have their stories, which are entirely different from that written by Moses. Some of these other accounts

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are very strange, and to us they seem almost ludicrous. Yet many of them are entitled to careful consideration, and we shall study some of them in the various volumes of this series.

The Japanese people, as a nation, have never admitted a belief in one Supreme God, except those who truly and honestly have accepted Christianity as their religion. I think we shall see, a little later, that it was almost impossible for them to do so because of their having been taught that their ruler, whom they now call *Tenshi* or *Tennō*, but who was formerly known as *Mikado*, was descended, in an unbroken line, father to son, from the very beginning of the whole universe; first as true gods, then as semi-divine creatures, last as human beings.

That first title, *Tenshi*, means "The Son of Heaven"; the second one, *Tennō*, "The Heavenly Ruler or Emperor"; and there is a third, *Shujō*, "The Supreme Master," that is frequently used. But all three of these titles for their sovereign were borrowed by the Japanese from China, and there is really no reason at all why the ancient, good-sounding, true Japanese title, *Mikado*, should not be used. No one, not even Japanese scholars themselves, is quite certain about the meaning of that title. Most people say it is *mi*, "august," and *kado*, "a gate."

This way of deriving its etymology would, as Professor Chamberlain says, make us think of the Turkish monarch's "The Sublime Porte." Others say the word, which always made the people feel the most profound respect for their ruler, comes from a very, very old word (it has not been used for centuries), *mika*, meaning "great," and *to*, "a place." When translated into any language of Europe, any one of the titles which the Japanese use is now expressed by the equivalent of emperor.

Of course it seems to us to be a very ridiculous claim for a human being to make, that his ancestors go back in an unbroken line to the gods themselves. Yet it is our duty to respect the opinions of our neighbors, even though we cannot make ourselves believe as they do. Respectful consideration of this kind has been of much greater assistance to Christian missionaries than was the former custom of refusing to listen to anything "heathen" people might wish to say in defense of their religious belief. All the world's peoples are our neighbors, if we think of human beings as the same everywhere, in spite of difference in color, habits, education, and all matters which go to make up the daily life of men and women.

Before I tell just what is the Japanese story of creation, I must state that we get

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most of our information from a curious old book called *Kojiki*, "Record of Ancient Matters." Compared with writings upon which the Holy Bible is based, this *Kojiki* is not really so very old, because it was completed in the year 712 of the Christian era. We are told that at that time there lived a man known as Hieda-no-Are, who had a remarkable memory. He was commanded by the Mikado, Temmu, to go about the country and learn from old people everywhere the stories, legends, and myths which had, until then, been handed down orally. Later this Hieda-no-Are repeated the stories to another man, Futo-no-Yasumaro, who, at the command of the female Mikado, Gemmyo, recorded them in writing.

The *Kojiki* is a very important book in Japan and for all who like to study about the people of that country, because it gives us a pretty good idea of their strange stories about the creation, and it also shows us something of what were the manners, the language, and the traditions of the Japanese people nearly two thousand years ago. It is very difficult to explain just how this book was written, but I must try to do something.

Probably all readers have seen Chinese printing or writing, and perhaps some know that the characters nearly all represent, each

one, a complete idea; originally they were, no doubt, pictures of actual things. For this reason, they are properly called ideographs; that is, ideao-graph, the second part being taken from the Greek word meaning "to write." The people of China do not all give the same sound to a character. Thus in the north the ideograph which means "man" is pronounced *jin* (the *j* being soft), while in the south it may be *nang*.

It is probable that the Japanese people, long before the Christian era — that is, much more than two thousand years ago — had some intercourse with the Chinese, who were then far ahead of them in learning. But the Japanese do not seem to have made much effort to adopt the Chinese writing until about fifteen hundred years ago. Then some of the scholarly men began to study the Chinese language, and they even went to China that they might study the literature of that country, because there was nothing of the kind in their own land. Indeed there does not appear to have been any way to write Japanese until the people were able to make use of the Chinese ideographs. Some Japanese have told me that in ancient times, before Chinese writing was taught, their ancestors made use of different colored cords, in which they tied knots in order to keep some record of important events.

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This is similar to the *quipu* which was used in South America.

When a Mikado, Temmu, just about twelve hundred years ago, learned that China had a history that was very, very old, he felt that his own country ought to have something of the kind. So he gave a command to one of the learned men at his court to gather together all the ancient stories, legends, and myths, and with this material to prepare a history of Japan. But it was decided that this record must preserve as closely as possible the Japanese spoken language of that time. Therefore the writer used Chinese ideographs, although not at all with the meaning that the Chinese gave to them. He took those which he had been taught to pronounce like Japanese syllables or words, and these he put together to make up his story. This was not such a tremendous task as it may seem, for there are only about fifty different syllables in the Japanese language, and each one is a combination of what we call one consonant followed by one vowel, or a vowel alone.

The result may have been fairly satisfactory to the Japanese of twelve hundred years ago, but because the sounds of the Chinese ideographs have changed in China itself, and because the Japanese language has changed in pronunciation and im-

proved in many ways, there are very few Japanese now who can read the *Kojiki* in the original form. Even the learned men must first translate that curious old text into modern scholarly Japanese before they can really begin to study the book. There are very few foreigners who have been able to do anything at all with the original text.

We are now prepared to take up the *Kojiki* story of creation. At first there was nothing firm and substantial; all was confusion; there was no shape to anything. Just as our Holy Bible reads, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light," so does the *Kojiki* say there was nothing manifest and nothing known; therefore no one could know the shape of the world.

But presently Heaven and Earth appeared, and then three *kami*, gods or deities, began the work of creation. I shall give the Japanese names for these three divine creatures, and the English translations of those names, in order that my readers may get some idea of what wonderful titles those divinities bore; but hereafter, if names are needed, I shall give the Japanese or the

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English, as is convenient. For, after all, while the English translations which Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain and other scholars have used are literally correct, they do not really convey to our minds precisely what the Japanese words do to the Japanese themselves. One has to live in Japan a long time and study the language carefully before one can begin to understand even a little of the way the people themselves look at such matters, and I doubt very much if any foreigner ever became able to *think* Japanese.

The first of those *kami* was *Ame-no-minaka-nushi-no-kami*, "Deity Master-of-the August-Centre-of-Heaven"; the second was *Taka-mi-musu-bi-no-kami*, "High - August-Producing-Wondrous-Deity"; the third was *Kami-musu-bi-no-kami*, "Divine-Producing-Wondrous-Deity." Then, according to the Japanese account (which seems very clearly to have been borrowed from China), two Essences or miraculous Powers were developed. These were called the Active and the Passive Essences, and in order that they might exercise their powers in a direct way, under godlike control, two spirits took upon themselves the power of the Essences: Izanami, the Passive, and Izanagi, the Active. The first was the creatrix of the material universe, the second was the cre-



G*UARDIAN of Buddhist Gateway*

ator, and they took upon themselves the task of creating the material world.

But "world" in the *Kojiki* means simply the islands of the Japanese archipelago (and that, too, before the additions made to it in later times); the gods and goddesses who first came down to dwell in the newly created world; later the semi-divine creatures, when some of the gods and goddesses married human beings (whence those last came from is not made at all clear); and last of all the ordinary Japanese people themselves. As for all the rest of the world, its creation was an accident; it has no divine origin in the opinion of Japanese, and the people who inhabit all those unfortunate countries were simply "outer barbarians."

The Heavenly Deities commanded Izanagi and Izanami to proceed to create the world from the indefinite mass, and to assist them a divine spear decorated with jewels was given them. Then the creator and creatrix stood upon the Floating Bridge of Heaven and Izanagi thrust down the jeweled spear into the thick mass and stirred it. When he drew up the spear, great drops fell from the point and became an island. In the *Kojiki* this island is called *Onogoro*. There is no island of that name now, but some Japanese say it was the island called *Awaji*, opposite Kobe, and just at the eastern

entrance to the famous Inland Sea. Others say it is a smaller island near Awaji.

I think I may safely assume that most of my readers have seen a jelly-fish floating in the sea, expanding and contracting as it is carried along by the tide. Well, the sea and the jelly-fish represent pretty clearly the *Kojiki* idea of the lower part of the universe after Heaven and Earth separated. There is now, on the northern coast of the main island of Japan, a long, narrow, sandy peninsula on which grow many beach pine-trees. It is called *Ama-no-hashidate*, "The Heavenly Stairs." It is considered one of "The Three Famous Sights of Japan," and I think most Japanese believe it is the remains of the Floating Bridge of Heaven upon which Izanagi and Izanami stood, and by which they descended from heaven to earth, even if it is on the opposite side of the main island from Awaji.

The two came down and lived upon the island that was formed from the first drops which fell from the jeweled spear, and they produced all the other islands of Japan. After they had created the various parts of the land, they had an immense number of children, who were the minor deities. But when the Fire-god was born, Izanami died and she retired into Hades. Izanagi followed her there and had a terrible experi-

ence, which recalls the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, which probably all know. When he returned to earth he washed and purified himself, and in doing this he created more gods and goddesses. I have not begun to give even a hint at the great number of deities which were created. There is hardly a single natural feature of the world, or an occupation of man, or an idea which is not represented by a god or a goddess.

Human beings are not mentioned directly as such, nor, as has been said, is any entirely satisfactory explanation of their creation given. But we are made to understand that they were in existence at a very early period of this world's history by the legend of The Eight-forked Serpent. This creature was not unlike the dragon which was going to devour Andromeda. It had carried off, one by one, seven daughters of an old man who lived near the headwaters of the river Hii (present province of Izumo). The warrior deity *Take-haya-susa-no-wo-no-mikoto* saw some chopsticks floating in the river near its mouth, and he therefore inferred there must be people living up stream. He ascended the valley and found the old man. He and his wife were weeping bitterly because it was the time for the serpent to come and carry off the eighth and last daughter. The deity promised to kill the creature, and

told the old man to brew some strong rice beer and put it into eight great tubs. When the serpent came he smelt the liquor, drank, and became intoxicated. Then the deity cut off the creature's heads and was chopping off its tails when his sword broke. He thought this very strange, and when he examined to see what had caused his sword to break, he found another sword in one of the tails. He took it out and presented it to the Sun-goddess, *Ama-terasu-o-mi-kami*. Many Japanese will tell you seriously, and they expect you to believe them, that this exists today and is one of the Mikado's insignia.

I must not attempt to tell all the wonderful legends connected with the Japanese account of the creation, and I shall close with a condensation of one relating to the Sun-goddess. She was deeply offended because of a terrible insult a brother had offered her. Therefore she went into a cave and closed the entrance with a great stone. Then darkness came over the whole earth and the other gods and goddesses were terribly troubled. They gathered in front of the cave and tried to persuade the Sun-goddess to come out; but for a long time she refused. At last one of the most beautiful young goddesses danced in such a giddy, wanton manner that all the rest shouted with

laughter. This surprised the Sun-goddess, for she had thought the others would be too unhappy because of the continued darkness to enjoy sport of any kind. She therefore moved the stone a little to peep out and discover the cause of all this inerriment. Then one of the gods slipped behind the Sun-goddess and prevented her from closing the mouth of the cave. Thus she was unable to retire again, so she came forth, and to this day the sun has never ceased to shine upon the land of Japan. There is a famous temple in honor of *Ama-terasu-omi-kami*, and all know that the red ball — either plain or with rays — on the Japanese flag represents the sun. Japan is called quite frequently, “The Land of the Rising Sun”; that is a free translation of their own name for their country. They do not know “Japan,” which is a mispronunciation of the Chinese name “Ji-pung.” The Japanese say Nippon or Yamato or Ō-mi-kuni, or any one of a score or more of other names. One modest little one is *Toy-ashi-wara-no-chi-aki-no-naga-i-ho-aki-no-mizu-no-kuni*; that is, “The-Luxuriant-Reed-Plains-the-Land-of-Fresh-Rice-Ears-of-a-Thousand-Autumns — of-Long-Five-Hundred-Autumns.” (Chamberlain.)

CHAPTER II

THE LAND OF JAPAN

NO matter from which direction the visitor approaches Japan, the very first impression that he receives, when the Land of the Rising Sun begins to stand up clear and distinct above the horizon, is that this is land which owes its origin to volcanic action. That is to say, that some mighty disturbance in the interior of the globe, ages ago, threw these islands up in what, at first sight, appears to be the greatest confusion. Nor does that first impression of confusion entirely disappear after the visitor has traveled over the country. Although there is some regularity in the ranges of mountains, and most of the land *is* mountainous, yet it takes a pretty skilful geologist to trace that regularity, especially when he gets into the region that is called the "Japanese Alps."

When I first visited the Far East, there was but one way for visitors from abroad by steamer to get into Japan. That was by a line of small English mail ships which went to and fro between Shanghai, China, and Yokohama. At Shanghai passengers



KISO River, Nakasendo

who had come from Europe bound for Japan were transferred from the larger mail boats to a little steamer that touched at Nagasaki and then made its way through the Inland Sea, out into the Pacific Ocean again by the Kii channel, and so on to Yokohama. Even Kobe was not then an open port where foreign ships might enter and passengers land.

Strangers might, if they wished to do so, land and remain at Nagasaki; but in 1866 it was not very pleasant to do this, because there was no hotel, and it was really unsafe to go any distance into the interior of the southern island of Kyushu, on which Nagasaki is located. Indeed in 1866 it was not altogether easy for foreigners to travel in Japan, and it was far from safe to do so.

It was not long, however, only a year in fact, until another line of steamers began to call at Yokohama. This was the American line, the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company, from San Francisco to Hongkong, by way of Yokohama. That company, too, soon put on a branch line from Yokohama to Shanghai and back, through the same Inland Sea. A French line also began to give the same service as that of the English one I have mentioned.

Then, after a good many years, other lines to and from Europe by way of the China ports, or across the Pacific, were

opened for the convenience of passengers. Last of all was the service between Japan and the Siberian port of Vladivostok, where connection is made with the great Trans-Siberian Railway.

I often think of the "first-class mail steamers" of 1866, and I laugh at the little vessels of only three or four thousand tons, with nothing but swinging oil lamps to light them, and nearly all of those lamps put out promptly at ten o'clock, if they didn't go out mechanically; or if a great favor was granted by the captain and they were allowed to burn until midnight. There were many other things about the ocean steamers of half a century ago which few of my readers could understand, they were so primitive, so entirely unheard-of nowadays. The fastest of them steamed ten or twelve knots an hour; that is from eleven and a half to fourteen miles. Today no steamship company would dare to advertise its vessels as "first class" unless they have twin screws, can steam from eighteen to twenty knots, have electric lights going the whole night long, if a passenger chooses to have it so, and are fitted with conveniences which are now considered the commonest necessities, but which were, if dreamed of at all in 1866, reckoned as impossible luxuries.

The lines whose steamers leave American

ports, United States or Canadian, cross the Pacific, and reach Japan at Yokohama have one great advantage over the steamers from the continent of Asia which is highly appreciated by travelers. That is, there is a possibility of seeing the lovely Fuji-san from the sea. But Fuji is a very coy maiden and nearly all of the time hides herself behind a thick veil of clouds. Winter is the time when those who are approaching Japan from across the Pacific are most likely to have a good view of Fuji before they arrive in port; only that is not the right season for visiting Japan. In the spring, when the blossoming of the cherry-trees and the various festivities that accompany that charming revival of nature attract so many, or in autumn, when it is the chrysanthemums and the maple leaves which draw so many visitors, there is not much likelihood that the "Peerless Fuji" will extend an open-faced welcome to the stranger.

If, however, the good lady is so gracious as to show her face, there are very few sights of its kind in all the world that are equal to the view of Mount Fuji, as seen from the deck of an ocean steamer when nearly due east of the mountain and off Cape Inobuye. I am said to be too matter of fact when describing natural scenery, but I must say I thoroughly share the enthusiasm of those

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who have described their sensations when fortunate enough as to see Fuji-san from the Pacific Ocean at sunrise. I have enjoyed that privilege, and I shall never forget it.

It was not my first view of the sacred mountain, because that was from Yokohama harbor in the month of September, 1868. I had come by steamer direct from Hong-kong and we reached Yokohama late in the evening. As we drew near the coast of Japan and the entrance to the Bay of Yedo (it is now called Bay of Tokyo), all the afternoon the few passengers were constantly looking in the direction where we were told Fuji was, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the mountain. There was nothing to be seen but a bank of clouds back of the coast. The foreshore slowly emerged into sight and then faded away again as the night fell. Very early the next morning — we were then at anchor in Yokohama harbor — one of the younger officers came and knocked at my cabin door to awaken me. When I answered, he said: "If you wish to see something fine, come up to the bridge quickly." I did not wait to put on many clothes, but the air was sharp and so I made myself fairly warm; then I went out into the dining saloon, which was almost dark, because there was but a single oil lamp that had burned all night. When I got on deck it was still

nearly dark; there were little streaks of light in the east to give promise of the coming day, but the harbor and the town yet seemed to be fast asleep. On reaching the bridge my friend the officer pointed towards the west and said, "Look!" There was one bright spot of pink in the sky. It was the top of Fuji, snow covered, reflecting the light of the rising sun before his rays were yet visible to us, because the summit of Mount Fuji is nearly thirteen thousand feet above sea-level. As the day brightened about us, of course the glow on Fuji's top faded slowly until it disappeared altogether, and we could see the entire snow-capped cone; but it was entrancing to watch.

Until the empire of Japan began to expand, by annexing other islands, the Kuriles and the Loo-choos; or by conquest, Formosa and the Pescadores; again by conquest and annexation combined, Liaotung and Saghalien, and last by absorption, Korea, Fuji remained the highest mountain in the country. Fuji's height is 12,395 feet; but Mount Morrison, rechristened *Ni-i-taka-yama*, "The New High Mountain," 14,270 feet, now claims the banner. There are many Japanese who will not yet admit that any peak in the empire is higher than their own true Fuji-san, and I cannot altogether wonder at their unwillingness to surrender its fame and precedence.

Connected with Fuji there are so many legends and myths that they would fill several volumes the size of this. There are, too, many more which are associated with the mountain. This is one that has been made the subject of one of Japan's most popular lyric dramas; it is called *Ha-goromo*, or "The Robe of Feathers," and I copy it from Murray's Handbook.¹

"A fisherman landing on the strand [at Mio-no-Matsubara] finds a robe of feathers hanging to a pine-tree, and is about to carry it off as treasure trove when a beautiful fairy suddenly appears and implores him to give it back to her, for that it is hers, and without it she cannot fly home to the Moon, where she is one of the attendants on the thirty monarchs who rule that sphere. At first the fisherman refuses to grant her request. He does so only when, after many tears and agonies of despair, she promises to dance for him one of the dances known only to the immortals. Draped in her feathery robe, she dances beneath the pine-trees on the beach, while celestial music and an unearthly fragrance fill the air. At last her wings are caught by the breeze, and she soars heavenward, past Mount Ashitaka, past Fuji, till she is lost to view. There is

¹ Basil Hall Chamberlain and W. B. Mason, "A Handbook for Travellers in Japan," several editions.



STREET Scene, Oiwake, a Nakasendo Village

still a small shrine on Mio-no-Matsubara dedicated to this fairy, where a relic of her robe is shown."

The mountains and the mountain scenery of Japan are its greatest attractions, and their claim is often increased by the trees that cover some of them, showing the strangest, gnarled, and twisted old pines or the blazing maples; or through the spring and summer covered with great masses of wild flowers. Think of a mountain, reaching up two thousand feet above the valley at its foot, covered to its summit with azaleas, or of another in whose many swales grow acres of gorgeous white or colored lilies.

Then, too, the many hill resorts are a blessing to people from the lowlands of Japan, which become terribly hot in summer, as well as for Europeans and Americans who reside in China, the Philippines, and other parts of the Far East. Karuizawa, near the active volcano Asama, is the most popular of these summer colonies. In August there are more than one thousand foreigners there. There are many mountain peaks in Japan that have attraction for those who are fond of alpine climbing, and in the central regions, extremely difficult to reach, there are yet summits which have not been trodden by the foot of Europeans.

Japan has no great rivers. It is hardly

necessary to make that statement, because the largest island is so very narrow and the formation is such that long rivers are impossible; the longest is the Ishikarigawa, two hundred and seventy-five miles. There are just a few rivers, like the Sumida, at Tokyo, the Yodo, at Osaka, and others, on which small steamboats ply. But there are a number of streams which offer great attractions to tourists to indulge in the exhilarating sport of "shooting" their rapids. There is only one lake in Japan so large as to make it profitable to use small steamboats for passenger and freight traffic; that is Lake Biwa, in Omi province. There is a legend that in the year 286 B.C. the earth sank in Omi and formed the depression for the lake, while at the same time Fuji, more than two hundred miles away to the east, rose up. But Hakone, Chiuzenji, Shoji, Inawashiro, Haruna, and scores of other small lakes are charming for their scenery and pleasant summer climate. Japan is truly a fair land for the tourist from early spring until so late in the autumn that winter has come, for the climate is good until the turn of the year.

CHAPTER III

THE JAPANESE FAMILY

I DO not know any country where family life is, on the whole, pleasanter than it is in Japan, when there are children and as long as the children are little folks. But family life means that there are a father, a mother, and children. In Japan it almost always means, too, that there is either a grandfather or a grandmother. I must not be understood as saying that home life among our Japanese neighbors is so ideal that there is no domestic infelicity. The great number of divorces would contradict that, and sometimes home life is anything but happy for the son's bride. Very often family life means that both of the father's parents are members of the family, and sometimes this does not result in entire pleasantness and perfect harmony; for the daughter-in-law is almost a slave to the old people. She must serve them before she may think of herself, and inasmuch as the mother-in-law sometimes remembers her own experience, she takes her revenge when her turn comes. But this unhappy state of affairs does not often arise.

The first thing to say about the Japanese, and it is really astonishing, is to tell of adoption. When we go into a man's house in this country and he introduces "my son John," we assume, of course, that the young man is actually his son. When a school teacher receives a new pupil and asks for the information required to make up his register, he is told by the boy that his name is Edward Lincoln, that his father is Thomas Lincoln, and all the rest. Everybody takes it for granted that Edward is Thomas' son and that Thomas' wife is Edward's mother.

Now it will doubtless surprise my readers to have me say that such reasonable assumption, in Japan, would be entirely wrong in seven cases out of ten. You will let me tell you — if you do not already know it — that the Japanese are really more sensible and logical than we are when they mention or write their names. They give first the family name, then the individual's name; that is, Lincoln, Edward. Thus a boy goes to school and tells his teacher that his name is Kimura, Sadakichi. But the chances are rather against than even that he was born a Kimura. Consequently all officials whose duties require them to keep registers of people never stop with the first statement, "My name is Kimura, Sadakichi." So the

teacher would ask, "What is your father's name?" and the boy replies, "Kimura, Jun." Then follows, "Is he your true father?" and, as I have intimated, probably the boy will answer, "No, my true father is Matsumura, Benjiro. I was adopted two years ago."

There are at least ten different reasons given by the Japanese for this system of adoption. No judge of a court takes action; it is simply a matter of registration by the true and the adoptive fathers. The Japanese are ancestor worshipers because of the influence of their own religious instincts, emphasized by the teachings of Chinese philosophy — Confucianism. It is most important that there shall be someone to carry on the family name and perform the required rites before the ancestral tablets in the home and at the graves of deceased male ancestors.

Therefore when a man is, in Japanese opinion, so unfortunate as to have only daughters for his own children, or — worse yet — when his wife has not had any children of her own or they have died, he secures a male successor by adopting a boy or lad or young man. Frequently a student in the college, whom I had known for a year or more by one name, would announce to me some morning that his name was changed. He would not tell me why this was done,

but usually his classmates informed me that he had been adopted by someone who had no son, and that he would, when his college course was finished — possibly before — marry his adoptive father's daughter.

If there are daughters only, it is customary to pick out the boy to be adopted while he is still young, but not to receive him into the family until the eldest daughter is old enough to be married; and thirteen or fourteen was considered a marriageable age for girls, eighteen for boys. Now the law tries to prevent marriage until the young man is of lawful age, twenty-one, and the girl eighteen. The young man who is to be adopted marries the daughter, takes the family name, becomes the son of the house and the heir to the property. The registry is changed and the gods notified that he takes his place in the ancestral line to prevent the extinction of the family.

Sometimes a less pleasing way of securing a son is resorted to. It is scriptural, but I am glad to say is gradually becoming less frequent in Japan than it was thirty or forty years ago. It is for a man to take a concubine, if his true wife has no children. The concubine's children are adopted by the wife and bear the family name in an entirely honorable manner. In Japan there was nothing wrong in this semi-Mormonism.

The present emperor is not the son of the Empress Dowager, but of an imperial concubine, a lady of high rank and excellent family. The late emperor, too, was the son of a concubine. Yet I remember well when the widow of the former emperor, Komei, died, some fifteen years ago, Emperor Mutsuhito announced that *his mother* had passed away. Later, when his true mother died, nothing was done in the way of court mourning.

Frequently adoption is done to regulate the size of the family. If a man has so many children and such a small income that he finds it difficult to support them all and give them suitable education, he lets his friends adopt some of the children. Adoption was most common among artists, poets, and professional men. It happened quite often that the true son of such a man did not inherit his father's talent, while one of the pupils showed remarkable ability. Well then, the son was set aside, the pupil adopted, and he became the heir.

Naturally we turn next to marriage, as that is the basis upon which the family is built. In Japan this important matter is arranged in quite a different way from that we know. As I have said, the most important thing with the Japanese is to maintain the permanency of the family. Therefore

marriage is far more of a family affair than it is a personal one, the really interested parties — the prospective bride and groom — having very little to do with the preliminary arrangements.

When the child has reached the marriageable age, the parents select someone to find a suitable partner. Usually this go-between is a friend — man or woman — in whom the parents have great confidence; but there are *nakodo* (professional marriage brokers) who are frequently employed by the poorer classes.

The *nakodo*, or friend, having found a suitable person, sometimes arranges for the young people to see each other at a *mi-ai*, "mutual seeing." If then either one is dissatisfied for some good reason, the matter is ended and somebody else must be found. I may say that it is not good form for either young man or young woman to object, because filial duty demands that children shall be absolutely at their parents' disposal, and the parents are supposed to have approved the go-between's choice. I may also add that the *mi-ai* never was essential, and very frequently the bride and groom met for the first time at the wedding. I am glad to say that the young people of Japan are showing more and more independence in this matter of choosing life partners for themselves. Western methods of courtship,

proposal, and marriage are now so frequent that no one can say, as did a writer about twenty years ago, when two young people (they had been brought up in the United States, by the way!) took matters into their own hands, that it was to "the great scandal of all their friends and relatives."

There are now so many Japanese who have united themselves with some Christian body that church weddings with Christian ritual, even to the use of the ring, are very common. But officially Japan does not admit that there is anything religious about a marriage; it is purely a civil contract. In former times this contract could be ended by the man upon any one of seven different reasons, all but one of them simply flippant; for example, if he declared that his wife "talked too much" or was "too fond of handsome clothes." The woman was entirely deprived of all these privileges.

In the matter of divorce a great change for the better has taken place, although such separations are still too frequent; but I do not know that we Americans can throw stones at the Japanese. Our own glass house is too likely to suffer.

The wedding itself is a strange ceremony. When the evening of the "lucky" day comes, the bride is dressed all in white, the mourning color (the idea shows Chinese influence

distinctly), to signify that she dies to her own family and that she will never leave her husband's house except as a corpse. Her own home is swept thoroughly as soon as she leaves it, and in former times a bonfire was lighted at the gateway, as if the purification necessary after the removal of a dead body were being performed.

As soon as the bride arrives at the groom's home she changes her white dress for a colored one given by the groom, and the wedding ceremony takes place. No promises are made, no vows pledged, no form used. In the presence of the parents — guardians if any parent is dead — and the go-between the *san-san ku-dō*, "three-times-three make nine times," takes place. The two young people raise to their lips three wine cups of different sizes, three times, and pretend to sip the *sakè* (rice beer).

Then follows a feast of which all the invited guests participate. During this the bride retires and again changes her costume for another colored one brought from her home. One part of this dress is a white under garment, to show that she is now a married woman, for maids wear only red. There is a proverb, "Love flies when the red petticoat is laid aside," which is a pathetic commentary upon the married state in Japan. The groom, in another room,

changes his ceremonial dress for a house costume, and when the feast is over and the guests have gone, the two are led to their bridal chamber. Again they pledge each other in nine more cups of *sakè*, the groom now drinking first to show that he is lord and master; whereas before it was the bride who first pretended to drink, because she was a guest. The go-between, who must be accompanied by his wife if it was a man who arranged the marriage, now retires, and that is all there is to a Japanese wedding.

For information, or rather guesses, about the Japanese family in mythical times, we must depend upon authorities that are not altogether reliable. The *Kojiki*, which has been referred to in chapter I, is one of them, and there are many others, some of them being what we should call historical novels. In those remote times the family seems to have been simply an arrangement between gods and goddesses to create the material world, or offspring who should take upon themselves duties which would relieve their divine parents. In ancient times, when something like history began to be written, we do not yet find much improvement. In medieval times the affection of both parents appears to have been concentrated upon the boys, the girls — poor things! — were completely ignored. Among the upper

classes the boys were to become soldiers, and therefore they were trained to despise pain, not to betray any such weakness as parental affection, and, while still mere children, they were removed from the mother's influence entirely, their education being given by warriors and scholars. Amongst classes below those who were privileged to bear arms and fight, the *Daimyo* and *Samurai*, the boy was educated and trained to follow his father's trade, occupation, or profession; and with these people there was the beginnings of the pleasant family life which becomes more noticeable as history advances.

Ever since the beginning of that indefinite period which we call "modern times" the birth of a child has always been an occasion for rejoicing. To be sure, in Japan that joy was very much greater when it was a boy baby; yet the Japanese have never displayed such intense dislike to girl babies as have the Chinese. One great reason for this was that the population of Japan was not so dense as it is in China. It was easier to provide for children, and therefore there was no incentive to put girl babies out of the way. I am sorry to say that very lately, since the Russo-Japanese war (1904-5), when the Japanese people are almost crushed by the weight of taxes to provide money with which

to pay war expenses and to keep up army and navy, the number of cases of female infanticide is increasing alarmingly.

In Japan on the third day of March, that is the third of the third moon, old, lunar, calendar, there is a great festival in honor of little girls. The reception room is arranged with shelves all round it, and on them are placed dolls of all sizes and kinds. Some of these dolls are heirlooms that have been in the family for generations, each festival bringing an addition. I have seen some of these treasures that I knew were more than one hundred years old. There are representations of Mikado, Daimyo, Samurai of old times, and too many for me to attempt to name them. The members of the family all dress in their best; but the little girls are made gorgeous in bright colored new gowns, with enormous *obi* (the broad sash) and hair ribbons or flowers in their queer coiffures. Friends are invited to call at any hour of the day or evening, when they are regaled with cakes, confections, and tea of course. They are also entertained with music, the little girls, if they play *samisen* or *koto* or *biwa*, being the star performers. It is a happy day for the girls.

On May fifth (fifth day of the fifth moon, old style) is the boys' turn. As a preliminary, great fish made of strong paper, with

open mouth and a hole at the tail to let the wind blow through, are hoisted to the top of a pole — a fish for each boy, usually — and swing in the breeze as if they were swimming. These typify strength and courage; the fish are supposed to be bravely stemming the current. Just so the boys must bravely struggle against the adverse current of life's stream. Again the family is dressed in its best; but the boys have the new clothes, only these are of sober colors; no Japanese boy ever wears a bit of red or any bright hue, and their *obi* is narrow, either gray, brown, or black. The entertainment is not so elaborate as was that in March; such would not be appropriate for little men.

All through the year there are festivals of some kind, cherry blossom parties, summer picnics, autumn gatherings, or winter revels. Indeed, as I said at the beginning of this chapter, in a truly Japanese family, by whom old-time customs are reasonably observed, no matter whether it be one of poverty or of moderate wealth or of affluence, the home life is a very happy one.

Before closing this chapter, let me say that no respectable Japanese matron or young lady of over fifteen ever appears in public in one of the gaudy, brilliantly colored *kimono* that are affected by ladies of

America or Europe. The so-called "Japanese tea gowns" are unknown to Japanese ladies. They and the startling *kimono* mark an unfortunate class of women who are not mentioned in polite society.

CHAPTER IV

SOME OCCUPATIONS OF LIFE

SINCE Japan has become modernized, and I think I may say this process did not begin much before 1868, there have been a great many occupations introduced which were unknown to the people in former times. I shall mention just a few of these, for ship-building, railways, telegraph and telephone, banking, and a hundred other modern occupations are not particularly interesting.

In ancient times, we know, the Japanese people knew nothing about the cultivation and use of cotton. Before they learned how to breed silkworms we must suppose they made use of cloth made from the bark of the paper mulberry, then from hemp and other vegetable fibers which were plentiful in the land. Probably, at first, they did not know how to weave cloth at all.

There is a story — a tradition — that the Japanese learned about silk from the Chinese fifteen or sixteen centuries ago. It is certain that no silkworms or any mulberry-trees were found growing wild in Japan; so both must have been introduced from abroad. But

both are plentiful now, and for many hundreds of years the upper classes used silk for their clothing.

Cotton, too, is not a native plant in Japan. It is said that by chance some seeds were brought from India in the year 799 A.D., and being planted, they grew well. Then the people learned, from the Chinese, again, how to clean, spin, and weave, and thus another useful fabric was added to their wardrobes. The cotton spinning and weaving industries are now very important occupations in Japan. However, the native supply of the raw material is nothing like sufficient; therefore great quantities are brought from abroad, China, India, Egypt, and even the United States of America. But the quantity of yarn and cloth produced is greater than is needed at home; consequently exporting these goods to the continent of Asia is one of Japan's most profitable trades.

The life of the working people in the cotton mills is not at all pleasing in any way. The men, women, and even little children toil for many hours each day, including Sunday; they are very poorly paid, and the conditions in which they labor are often frightfully bad. This is one of those modern occupations that do not attract the visitor.

Mining is another occupation which is now important, but not pleasing. There are

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mines of silver, copper, antimony, coal, and other minerals, in which men, women, and children work hard and in very bad sanitary conditions for very small wages. But the Japanese people must live, and each year it is becoming more difficult to earn the money needed to enable the poorer classes to get food and clothing so that they may live. Therefore all these occupations that modern civilization has brought with it are more than well supplied with labor; for the people struggle to get even the little that is paid them for this hard work.

I must say here that while the working people of Japan toil on Sundays almost the same as on week days, although Sunday is an official day of rest and a bank holiday, it is customary to give them two holidays a month, and there are also a few national holidays; such as New Year's, the Mikado's birthday, the anniversaries of the birth or death of former rulers, and others, when the millhands, miners, and other working people get a rest, but not always with full pay.



I am sure that my readers do not care to hear more about these unattractive modern occupations, when there are many other, interesting ones which were connected with old times. Some of them still exist; only most of these have been changed in some way



A *Huckster*

or another to make them suited to new conditions of life.

The Japanese are all very superstitious. Even the most highly educated are this. I know there are some men who are learned in the sciences of Europe, some who have been educated in America or Europe, who say they are not superstitious; yet I have known these very men to buy charms — secretly, they thought — and use them, hoping to gain benefit for themselves or their families.

One occupation that is profitable because it gets its support from the superstitious, is the business of fortune telling, divination. In passing through the streets the observing stranger will see on the doorpost of many houses some groups of short, horizontal lines, in sets of three, either whole or cut in half  , all manner of combinations. Usually the lines are black on a red ground, but there is no fixed rule for this. Or, wherever there is a street fair, and these are common at night, the fortune teller will have his low table, on which are small blocks bearing the same mysterious lines. It is a very complicated system of divination. I never pretended to investigate it, and when I asked questions, my intelligent friends always put me off, as if they were rather ashamed of the matter, as well they might be. The system is called *Eki*, which means "change." It was

certainly introduced from China, and even the great Confucius, although he believed in it firmly, was not able to understand the tricks. It is said that when he felt his life drawing to its close, he expressed a wish to live fifty years more in order to investigate the mysteries of this art of foretelling the future. I am sure there are very few Japanese who have not implicit faith in *Eki*.

Other fortune tellers employ a simpler method. In a joint of small bamboo there are a number of thin, narrow bamboo slips, with a number of a symbol written on the end that is at the bottom of the tube. The seeker for guidance in determining some important matter — the choice of a business, an investment, change of residence, lucky day for a wedding, whatever it may be — pays the fortune teller the fee, always in advance (this is not a credit business!), and is then allowed to take the tube in his hand. He shakes it in the way he is told until one of the slips jumps out. The way the slip falls, whether pointing east, west, south, or north, or writing up, is important, but not fatal. Then the fortune teller turns to his book, and from the page indicated by the sign on the slip reads the seeker's fortune. Of course the interpretation he puts upon the oracle is greatly influenced by the size of the fee which has been paid. Although these fees range from the

tenth of a cent of our money, yet never to any great amount, still this occupation brings a living to thousands of people in Japan. Nearly all priests, either in the temple to which they are attached, if they are Buddhists, or shrine if they are strict Shinto followers, or at their residence, are ready to read the future for anybody who will pay the fee.

Another very humble occupation, and one that was more profitable in former times than now, was that of the wastepaper gatherer. I do not know that I ought to call the respect which the Japanese, following the example of their Chinese teachers, paid to any bit of paper on which something was written or printed, superstition; yet they used to be very careful about the disposal of such paper. There were men and women to go about the streets bearing a huge basket, made of broad strips of thin bamboo, tied to their backs. In the hand was a stick with a hook at the end. Every scrap of paper that had been thrown down or blown into the street was carefully caught up by the hook and dexterously thrown over the shoulder into the basket. The gatherers would stop at shops and residences to ask if there were any old papers to be taken away. When the basket was full they returned to their homes and carefully sorted out the contents. It will not

surprise anybody to be told that occasionally there would be something valuable, either manuscript or printed book, because such freaks of fortune are not unknown to rag pickers in every country. But the principal use for these wastepapers was to paste them on screens to give strength and body before the outside paper, on which the decoration was drawn or painted, was pasted on.

When I made my first visit to Japan, in September, 1868, there was not a railway or a stagecoach in the land. The famous *jinrikisha* (*jin*, "a man"; *riki*, "to pull"; *sha*, "a carriage"; that is, "a carriage drawn by a man") had been devised by an American about a year before, but it had not become common, and it was certainly not used on the country roads. The only way for foreigners to travel comfortably, when they did not walk, was to ride. There were plenty of good ponies belonging to the foreigners who lived at Yokohama, or for hire at the livery stable. Of course there was the native *norimon*, or boxlike palanquin, and the *kago*, the open, wicker palanquin, but foreigners used these only in the mountains.

In the saddle, then, I went with two friends to Kamakura to see the wonderful bronze image of Buddha. On the way out we met a man who was naked, save for a loin cloth, straw sandals, and a cloth — it was really a

Japanese towel, a bit of cotton cloth — tied round his head. Over his shoulder he carried a stout pole to the end of which was tied a small parcel wrapped in oiled paper. Although the man wore absolutely no clothing, yet he did not appear to be actually nude, for his yellowish-brown body, arms, and thighs were so covered with elaborate tattooing in black, blue, red, and green that he seemed to wear a suit of gorgeous tights. As we foreigners were quite as much of a curiosity to him as he was to us, the man stopped to have a good look at us, and we reined in to a slow walk to stare at him. He was a postman. The packet contained letters sent by some official or private person at Kamakura, and the man was bound for Yedo (the name of the city had not yet been changed to Tokyo). Yedo was fully thirty miles away, yet this postman would be there in a little over three hours. Wonderful fellows were those postmen — strong, fleet, enduring; but they did not last long, because they would almost always spend their pay for *sakè* when the long, hard run was finished. Yet theirs was an occupation that gave employment at good pay to thousands of men in the days of yore.

The first evening that I passed in Japan my ears were greeted with the sound of a shrill whistle, evidently not blown from lips alone,

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but on a reed. Then followed a curious wailing call. At that time I did not know what the call was, but I learned afterwards; *Amma kamishi mō go hyaku mon*, "Massage from head to foot for five hundred *mon*"; that is, five cents. They were the professional *masseurs*; "shampooers" the foreigners incorrectly called them; blind men or women who went about the streets soliciting patronage in this way. It was the hour when the Japanese had taken their hot bath and eaten their evening meal, the heartiest one of the day. Many liked to be rubbed and kneaded and thumped to relieve tired muscles or bring on sleepiness. These *ammass* have pretty well disappeared from the public streets, and their shrill, ear-splitting pipes are seldom heard. There are just as many as there ever were I suppose, but the occupation is not now restricted to blind people, and the fee demanded is much greater than it was, although when one occasionally hears the call now, the words are just the same as they used to be.

I have told something of a few occupations that are, or were rather, peculiar to Japan. I could, of course, continue and tell about the happy life of servants in a true Japanese home in olden times, when they were really members of the family. I could tell of the artists, the shopkeepers, the flower pedlars, the hucksters, and many other occupations that are

somewhat similar to the same in other countries; but these might not be quite so interesting. Life in Japan is still very different from what it is in America, and yet in some ways our Japanese neighbors are very like ourselves, and they are becoming more and more so each year.

CHAPTER V

EDUCATION

THIS is a subject which interests me very much, because for many years I tried to teach English to Japanese boys and young men in the common schools and colleges of that country. I found my students to be not any brighter or more industrious than are young people in any other land. The Japanese, I think, are not so earnest in their effort to get an education as are the Chinese. I have never taught at a school in China, but I have had some private pupils in that land and a great many Chinese were in my classes at the Japanese college.

I do not like the methods of the Japanese universities, colleges, or schools. In my opinion too much attention is given to memorizing lessons from books, without sufficient practical work. In my English classes, whenever I tried to make the young men *practise* English speaking, the college officials interfered and compelled me to have reading lessons, over and over again. It was always *I* who did the practical part of the work, ex-

plaining the meaning of words, phrases, and sentences. When I called on the students to try to do some of this useful work for themselves, they either refused or pretended they could not do it, and they turned on me with questions. If I tried to insist upon them using their brains to think and their tongues to speak, they appealed to the head of the English department, a Japanese professor, and I was always ruled against. I am not giving my own experience alone; all teachers of English in the Japanese schools, whether those teachers are Americans or Englishmen, say the same thing.

Those of us who have had experience in both China and Japan, and who know something of the school methods in former times, understand very well that this habit of depending upon books, even when pretending to study a foreign language, *for the purpose of speaking it*, is a result of the old custom of learning whole books of the Chinese classics by heart without understanding a little bit of the meaning.

But let us now go back to the earliest education in Japan. There is nothing to say about the mythical or the ancient times, because there was nothing of the kind in the country. As I have already said, there was no writing known to the Japanese in very ancient days, and if there were no letters, of course there

could be nothing to study; therefore we have no "education" to consider.

In another old Japanese book, *Nihongi*, "The Chronicles of Japan," which was completed in the year 720 A.D., only eight years after the compilation of the *Kojiki*, we get some information. This *Nihongi* was written with Chinese ideographs, these standing for what they *meant*, not used merely *phonetically* or to represent the sounds of the Japanese syllables. It was compiled by Prince Toneri, third son of Emperor Temmu, who was assisted by the same Futo-no-Yasumaro who prepared the *Kojiki*.

This *Nihongi* is comparatively easy reading for all who know Chinese, because while pronunciation may have changed, meaning has not. The book tells us that a certain Korean, whose name is given as *Wani*, brought from his country in the year 285 A.D. a small book which the Chinese call *Lun-yu*, the Japanese *Rongo*, and another little volume called *Tsien Tsz' Wan* in China and *Senjimon* in Japan. The first mentioned book we call "The Analects of Confucius." Analects means a collection of literary fragments, and this volume, which is divided into twenty sections, contains what are supposed to be short, pithy, wise remarks made by the great teacher at different times. After Confucius' death his disciples gathered together and



each one tried to remember something that he had heard "The Master" say. Then these remarks were written out and published in a book, each saying being prefaced by the remark, "The Master said." It reminds us very much of the way James Boswell tried to record the sayings of the great Doctor Samuel Johnson.

The second book which I have mentioned contains a long Chinese poem written with one thousand ideographs, all different in form and meaning. We call it "The Millenary Classic," for that is a literal translation of the Chinese title, just as *Senjimon* is a literal translation into Japanese; all mean "one thousand characters classic." Please let me say here that, with all students of Japanese history, I do not attach the slightest importance to any dates given by Japanese writers before about the ninth or tenth century after Christ. It is possible, though most improbable, that a Korean scholar visited Japan about the middle of the third century, and that he had with him a copy of "The Confucian Analects," because Confucius died in the year 478 B.C., and very soon after his death the disciples compiled the book. Even if *Wani* had a copy of *Lun-yu*, it must have been in manuscript, because printing from blocks was not known in China until the tenth century after Christ. As for *Tsien Tsz'*

Wan, it was impossible for *Wani*, in 285 A.D., to have had the book, because its author, *Chau Hing-tsz'*, did not live until after the year 500 A.D.

When the time came for schools to be opened in Japan, the Chinese system of education was followed, and *Lun-yu* and *Tsien Tsz' Wan* were the primers! The first of those schools were no doubt classes taught by priests of Buddhist temples. This Indian religion was probably known to the Japanese soon after it began to be popular in China, in the fourth century after Christ; but it did not receive much attention from the Japanese until the sixth or seventh century.

Whether the first priests in residence at the Buddhist temples were Chinese or Koreans or Japanese does not matter at all. They knew something of Chinese literature and began to teach boys. That was the beginning of education in Japan. It must have been a dreadfully dreary process. The teacher put into a boy's hands a volume of the "Analects" or "Millenary Classic" or some other Chinese book, and then read slowly half a dozen or more of the ideographs; but he made no attempt to explain their meaning. The boy repeated the sounds until he could say them. Then he went back and squatted down on his mat, or took his place at his desk — if there were such things in those first schools, which

is more than doubtful — and repeated the sounds aloud. In order to show the teacher that he was “studying,” each boy shouted at the top of his voice, so that schools must have been delightfully noisy places in those old days. The same method was followed in China until a very few years since, and in Japan until less than half a century ago.

When a boy thought he knew his lesson he took his book to the teacher and handed it to him. Then he turned his back to the master and shouted out the sounds of the ideographs. This lesson being thoroughly committed to memory, another was given, and so on. After a while the lad was taught to write the Chinese ideographs. I think we should call it “painting” them, because the Chinese and Japanese “pen” is, as all know, a sort of brush; and if it is not held and wielded precisely as we do our paint brushes, the result is pretty much the same in both cases. This memorizing was continued for years, and until the lad had learned by heart whole volumes of the Chinese classics, before the teacher even pretended to explain their meaning. It was excellent training for the memory, but it was not what our teachers consider good training for the reasoning faculty. I may say that many foreign teachers in Japan, not only those who were giving instruction in languages, but teachers

of law or science, have been astonished at the "memory power" of their students. Sometimes at an examination all the members of a class have handed in papers that were so correct and so nearly identical as to make the examiner suspect "cribbing"; but upon investigation he has found that the students had actually committed to memory page after page of the textbook. Too frequently, that was all; they could not apply this parrot-like knowledge. There has been some improvement in Japanese educational matters, yet there is room for a lot more; only Japanese educationalists refuse the advice which competent foreign friends offer, and insist upon carrying out their own ideas, that unfortunately are not based upon the right experience.

Probably most readers know that in the year 1549 the famous Roman Catholic missionary, Francis Xavier, accompanied by two of his fellow countrymen, visited Japan, probably the first European to do so, and that for a long time the Christian missionaries were actively preaching their religion, as well as giving a little instruction in what the Japanese called "Western learning." But because the government had reason to suspect the foreign missionaries were interfering with politics and government, they were expelled from the country and all Japanese were for-

bidden, on pain of death, from professing that religion.

After a while some Dutch merchants were permitted to live at Nagasaki and to engage in trade. They were strictly forbidden to teach anything, religion or secular education; but there was one thing they knew which certain Japanese were most anxious to study — that was their healing art, the treatment of disease and the use of medicine. Some Japanese did secretly get a little teaching from these Hollanders, others managed to obtain books which they studied privately. But whenever a Japanese was detected trying to master the hated “Western learning,” he was severely punished; in some cases he was put to death.

Yet the influence of that European knowledge was kept alive in a most wonderful way, and when, in 1873, it was permitted to practise Christianity and to study European science and languages, it was found that many Japanese knew a great deal about these subjects. Indeed we now know that some encouragement had been given to students before the recent era of Meiji (1868–1912).

It must not be understood that during all this time, from the first introduction of Chinese education until entire freedom was granted in 1873, the Japanese were not trying to improve their educational system. As

long ago as the year 701 A.D., when Mikado Mommu was on the throne, a set of regulations called *Taihōryō*, "The Code of the Taihō Era," was issued. This was intended for the regulation of all branches of the government. As far as instruction was concerned, this code provided for the public education of officials' sons only (girls were not permitted to go to school). If any young man wished to become a Buddhist priest, he had to receive his education in a temple or a monastery; although some Buddhist priests continued to give a little general teaching, such as it was, to the young sons of their parishioners.

The Taihō code provided for a university at Nara, then the capital, and a public school in each of the provinces which were organized. The eastern part of Japan was at that time considered to be the home of barbarous natives, while the northern island, Hokkaidō (Yezo), was not known at all. This university was placed under the control of a special bureau, the germ of a Department of Education, and its object was to provide education for the sons of those officials who had been promoted to rather high rank in the civil service. A few distinguished officials of lower grades were permitted to send their sons, but the common people were not given any advantages at all.

The "faculty" consisted of instructors in Chinese classics or philosophy, history, literature, writing, mathematics — all Chinese — and in Japanese law. We have to smile a little when we think of Chinese mathematics twelve hundred years ago. Only four hundred students were enrolled in this university, and tuition was free, as were board and lodging. The expenses were provided from revenue received from a large tract of land that was set apart for the purpose, and the government also gave supplies of rice.

The provincial schools were likewise maintained at government expense, in part at least, for the benefit of the privileged classes, the common people being still excluded. Some of the courses were rather startling: acupuncture, divination, massage, and several branches that are not recognized in any collegiate curriculum nowadays. There were, besides, some schools of a semi-private nature.

For about two hundred years, at this period, a good many students were sent, at government expense, with the ambassadors who went to China for various reasons; but towards the end of the ninth century the Japanese government became offended at the way its ambassadors were treated and diplomatic relations were broken off.

So until the "opening" of Japan, about the middle of the nineteenth century, we cannot

say that education was altogether neglected in that country. When we stop to think of what education in Europe was from the ninth to the nineteenth century, Japan had little reason to be ashamed. The only criticism to make is that even after they might have known better, Japanese educators refused to change their old methods.

At present there is almost too much education in Japan. From kindergartens to post-graduate courses at universities, there is provision made for everybody, no matter what freaky special course may be chosen. The Japanese girl may now pursue her education along lines fully equal with her brother, and just as far as she chooses; but there is no real co-education.

Primary education is compulsory from six to fourteen years of age, and very exceptional and strong reasons must be given by parents or guardians to secure excuse from attendance. Above the primary grade expenses are small, even the universities being remarkably cheap, as compared with America or Europe. Great attention is given to Japanese history, but I am sorry to say the textbooks provided or authorized by government are so prepared as to make Japan's glory shine, even if facts are distorted in her favor. I have heard an eminent Japanese educator say that his country has a written

history extending back authentically for twenty-five hundred years. This is the veriest nonsense.

In primary, preparatory, and high schools, as well as in colleges, the boys and young men are drilled every day, and they are constantly taught that their highest duty and greatest privilege is to become soldiers and to give their lives for their emperor. This, I may say, is having the inevitable result of making many young men try to escape conscription. Each year, since the Russo-Japanese war, the number of these evasions has been increasing. Pupils and students of both sexes in all schools, below the universities, are given calisthenic exercise daily; and the boys are taught Japanese wrestling and broadsword play.

The government sends, each year, some professors abroad to get the benefit of special study at universities or colleges in America or Europe, and, as all know, a large number of Japanese young men and women are getting their education abroad. If Japanese education were only more thorough and more practical and not so academic, there would be nothing but praise to bestow. Improvement in these matters is coming, but very slowly.

CHAPTER VI

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

FEW people in Europe and America realize what a great change in Japan's social system is indicated by the name which has been bestowed upon the late emperor, *Meiji Tennō*; for it has not been customary to use as a posthumous name the era name of a Mikado's reign. While that monarch was living, he was known to people outside his realm as Emperor Mutsuhito, but not so to his own subjects. I think I am not mistaken if I say that a Mikado was never spoken of by anything remotely approximating a personal name. Even foreigners in Japan, when conversing among themselves, use simply a title, "The Mikado" or "The Emperor," and speaking with Japanese, using the vernacular, they conform to local usage and speak of His Majesty as *Tenshi Sama*, which is literally, "Mr. the Lord of Heaven"; only that Mr. is used as the highest term of courtesy and reverence. Officially the Mikado is styled simply *Tennō*, which has been, somewhat grandiloquently, rendered in English "His Holy Augustness."

Tennō and *Tenshi Sama* are used for the present monarch; for *Yoshihito* is never heard at home, and is really only a sort of concession to the weakness of Western peoples, who must have a personal name for their rulers, even when they are hereditary monarchs, and that is deemed quite unnecessary in Japan. Before his accession Yoshihito was *Kotaishi*, an equivalent of Prince Imperial, literally "The Son of the Emperor"; and his eldest son is no longer known by his personal name, for *he* has become *Kotaishi* and is spoken of as *Kotaishi Denka*, "His Imperial Highness, the Prince Imperial."

In Japan the Mikado was not a personality; he was viceregent of the gods, himself a god to the masses. He was not an individual, not even an exalted human being like King George, Tsar Nicholas, Kaiser Wilhelm, or any other earthly sovereign of Europe. Such rulers are, to the Japanese, merely *Kōtei*, literally "August Emperor"; while the President of the United States, or of any other republic, is *Daitōryō*, equivalent to "Chief Magistrate," which is almost a literal translation; but to the Japanese, who are all most enthusiastic lovers of hereditary rulers, a *Daitōryō* is of no importance whatever.

In Japan even a monarch of another country, who is given the title of *Kōtei*, can-

not in any conceivable circumstances be called *Tennō*, and one of the times when Japanese easily lose that politeness with which they are credited is when a foreigner speaks of a European sovereign as Wilhelm *Tennō* or George *Tennō*. They hotly resent such improper, in their opinion, raising up of a mere human being, an outer barbarian, to the exalted plane upon which "The Son of Heaven" stands alone. Years ago, when diplomatic intercourse between Japan and the Western nations first began, there was a good deal of friction in determining the title to be given to the emperors, kings, or queens of Europe. Naturally the representatives of those monarchs wished to have their sovereigns given dignity equal with the Mikado. But the Japanese statesmen stood firm; they would *not* consent to let anyone but their ruler be *Tennō*, and *Kōtei* was the best compromise that could be effected.

In order that readers may appreciate more clearly than they could otherwise do the importance which I attach to the posthumous name conferred upon the late Mikado, it is well to explain the Japanese system of reckoning years. So far as the length of the year and its division into months and weeks are concerned, Japan may be said to have Europeanized herself when the Gregorian calendar was adopted on January 1, 1873.

But the Christian era was not then accepted. That could hardly have been done, for the Shinto — literally “The Way of the Gods,” that is, “Ancestor Worship” — court of Japan could not be expected to stultify itself by recognizing the founder of an alien religion; and that would have been done had the Japanese government decided to make the beginning of the new calendar Anno Domini, “the year of Our Lord,” 1873.

There is recognized in Japan a continuous chronology as from the year of Jimmu Tennō’s accession, of whom particulars are given a little later; so that the year 1912 of the Christian era is the twenty-five hundred and seventy-second of the Japanese calendar from the commencement of the imperial dynasty. But this way of reckoning time is not popular, and I think the enlightened Japanese tacitly admit the weakness of the alleged “unbroken dynasty” by their unwillingness to use that “After Jimmu Tennō” reckoning. Since the beginning of authentic history it has been the custom for the Mikado, when he came to the throne, to adopt a *nengō*, literally “year name,” for his own reign, and to call the first year “number one” of that *nengō*, and so on through his reign. Occasionally, for some very important reason, either a very auspicious event or a dreadful disaster, the *nengō* has been changed during the lifetime of a

Mikado. Of course when the Mikado voluntarily or unwillingly gave up the throne, and this was very frequently done in former times, the *nengō* was changed. We have something like this system in European and American records when, for instance, we read of an Act of Parliament as having the date of twelfth Victoria, or a proclamation by the President bearing date "of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth."

The late Mikado, Mutsuhito, when he ascended the throne in 1867, changed the *nengō* from *Keiō*, used by his father, to *Meiji*, which meant "Era of Enlightenment," from the beginning of the next lunar year, January 25, 1868. In the same way Mikado Yoshihito has adopted *Taishō*, "Era of Righteousness," for his *nengō*. If old custom is followed, the forty-fifth year of Meiji, January 1 to December 31, 1912, will continue in Japanese chronological tables; otherwise Meiji forty-fifth year will be replaced by *Taishō gan-nen*, "the beginning year of the Taishō era."

To give a deceased Mikado the posthumous name, or as some Japanese writers call it the "canonical name," of his era, shows how great importance the present ruler and his advisers attach to *Meiji*. It indicates that not only was the late Mikado considered to be a remarkable man, but that his reign was a

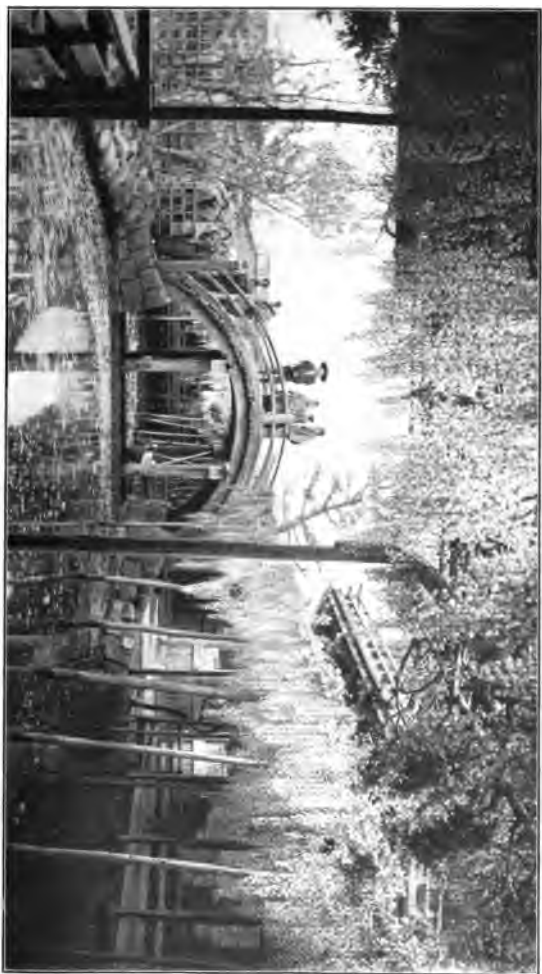
glorious one for his country, and such we must admit it to have been in many ways, even if we do not approve of *Meiji Tennō's* love of militarism. Let us hope that the *nengō* which the new Mikado has chosen may be equally confirmed in its meaning by the record of his reign, and that *Righteousness*, in the fullest sense of the word, may characterize as long a period as did *Meiji*.

Undoubtedly the antiquity of the imperial family of Japan is very great, and remembering what I have said of the former customs of adoption and of concubinage — the latter, I believe, to be entirely discontinued in the imperial palace — its record for continuity is not paralleled by any monarchical dynasty of this world's history. It is well to explain here that the Salic law has been adopted in Japan. By this the succession to the crown is restricted to males. If, then, there should be no legitimate son to succeed the Mikado, with the advice and consent of counselors, and perhaps of the national legislature, a son would be adopted from one of the branches of the imperial family.

In the *Ni sen go hyaku nen shi*, "Twenty-five Hundred Years' History," prepared as a textbook to be used in the public schools of Japan — a copy of which book is in my library — we are told that after endless ages passed in a mixed state, half earthly, half

heavenly, or before that in the heavens themselves, the first human monarch, Jimmu Tennō, assumed earthly rule on the date which corresponds to the eleventh day of February in the year 660 B.C. That day is one of the national holidays, and April third, the day of Jimmu Tenno's death, is another; this last mentioned event having occurred in the year 585 B.C.

But competent historical students subtract at least fifteen hundred years from that alleged authentic history and do not admit that there are solid facts in Japanese historical records until fully eight or nine hundred years *after* Christ. Nevertheless, even when we have struck off more than a thousand years from Japan's "unbroken written history," and when we overlook breaches of legitimacy that would be fatal in European genealogical tables, the imperial family of Japan is so much the oldest in the world that there is none other with which we can possibly compare it. From the dawn of authentic history, whether that date be in the fifth or the tenth century after Christ, there has been but one true dynasty of rulers. Even in the earliest days it was considered by Japanese scholars to have been then of immemorial age. This attributing to the Mikado at least semi-divine ancestry — or, in the opinion of the most extremely patriotic, absolutely divine lineage



WISTARIA at Kameido, Tokyo

— naturally induced a religious reverence for the imperial family and set apart their ruler as a being totally different from the rest of the people. The late Mikado, having come to the throne while this belief was universal, there continued, in his case, that remarkable reverence. Even though Mutsuhito showed himself to his people, as his predecessors had not done, and forbade them to worship him as a deity, and although he took an active part in the government of his country, the common people certainly could not divest themselves of the idea that the Mikado was a being entirely different from themselves.

I am sure the respect for their Mikado which the Japanese have always displayed will continue in the case of their new ruler; but I am almost equally sure the reverence, as for a divine being, is a thing of the past. In his infancy and early boyhood Yoshihito was cared for by a skilful European doctor. The necessity for this, and it was urgent, for he was a sickly child, would tend to deprive him of something of his divinity. The people of all classes, even the peasants, had been accustomed to seeing the Prince Imperial acting the part of a man, going about without a great military escort. I myself have met him in the roads about Nikko with nobody but his tutor in attendance. The people of Japan, therefore, cannot be expected to deify

the new Mikado as they did their late sovereign, and as their ancestors did his predecessors back "through ages eternal." This looking upon their ruler by the Japanese people as a being like unto themselves is sure to have good effects in many ways. One, and the most important, is that it is going to permit of entire freedom in the matter of religion; but I hesitate to discuss this subject fully. We must wait to see what the next few years bring forth.

There is another fact to be considered here, which is that all Japanese, with the exception of the aborigines — the Koropokguru and the Ainu, of whom I shall speak in later chapters — some naturalized foreigners, principally Koreans and Chinese, together with a very few Americans and Europeans who have become Japanese subjects, are regarded as having descended from cadet branches of the imperial family, or from those who came over with the first divine ancestors of that family from *Takama-no-Hara*, "The Plains of High Heaven," at creation. Therefore intensely patriotic Japanese declare that their "whole nation is, as it were, one family, of which the emperor is the head or patriarch, and this relation has subsisted from the foundation of our empire down to the present time."¹

¹ Dairoku Kikuchi, "Japanese Education." Except for recent statistics, this is a most inaccurate book.

In the little district of Kashima, in the province of Hitachi on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and about sixty miles by road and boat from Tokyo, is a place that is still called *Taka-no-Hara*, where the gods are supposed to have assembled in days of old. Stone arrowheads are often found there even now. It will be noticed that this place is far away from both Awaji and Ama-no-hashidate, which have already been mentioned as the places where the gods first descended.

The Japanese writer whom I have just quoted says that there is not a single instance of a subject presuming to attempt to place himself on the throne of Japan. But Japanese history does not bear out this loyal statement; for not only have there been those, not in the line of inheritance, who seized the throne, but there is certainly one instance recorded of a man who was not in any way connected with the imperial family trying to attempt, and for a short time successfully, to usurp the imperial power. Naturally this case is ignored in Japanese dynastic records.

Because of the great importance which the Japanese attach to that "unbroken line of descent," it was necessary for the Mikado to be provided with a wife, in order that, if possible, the purity of the dynasty might be preserved. Jimmu Tennō is said to have married the daughter of one of his generals,

but that was at a time when all the important personages were of pretty nearly equal rank in descent. In historic times there have been certain high-rank families from whose maidens a wife was chosen for the Mikado. The ancestors of those families are considered to have been important members of the community of gods who assembled at *Takama-no-Hara*; they are, in fact, remote cadet branches of the imperial family. If this wife had sons, one of them was chosen to succeed, but not always the eldest; if she had no son, the succession was arranged in some other way, as has been indicated. When the Heir Apparent was chosen, all the rest of the Mikado's sons married at their pleasure and founded families of their own, taking any surname they fancied. In this way originated the families from whose daughters the imperial consort has been chosen.

The fate of imperial princesses, daughters of the Mikado either by his empress or by the imperial concubines, was anything but happy until the Meiji era, when the late Mikado simply swept all precedent aside and arranged for his daughters to marry sons of some of the great families of Japan. Formerly it was considered that no subject was of sufficiently exalted rank to be mated with an imperial princess, and these unfortunate young women were compelled to accept cel-

ibacy. Some of them were given positions as custodians of imperial shrines or places deemed most sacred by the Shinto cult. One of them, usually the eldest, was given charge of a sort of Home for Imperial Princesses, at Kyoto, wherein the younger ones, for whom there were no positions, lived a sort of nun's life. The present head of this establishment, Princess Murakumo, a cousin of the late Mikado, is one of the jolliest old ladies in all Japan.

CHAPTER VII

THE SHOGUN AND THE FEUDAL SYSTEM

FIRST, to explain as well as I can who the Shogun was and what the Shogunate meant. The full title was originally *Sei-i Tai-Shōgun*; that is, "Barbarian-conquering Great General," or "Generalissimo." I must draw attention to the fact that the word *Sei*, which means "barbarian," is still used by many Japanese when they speak of foreigners, whom they call *Sei-yo-jin*; literally "barbarian-way-man." I think, however, that the term has lost entirely any bad significance which it undoubtedly had originally eleven hundred years ago. Yet the *only* proper way for a Japanese to speak of a foreigner, when they do not designate him as a "man from such and such country," is to call him *Gwai-koku-jin*; that is, "foreign-country-man." Some of my fellow professors in the government college knew that I understood both Japanese and Chinese and could distinguish the precise difference between those terms, *Sei-yo-jin* and *Gwai-koku-jin*. When these heard another member of the faculty use the former of those expressions, they would

usually rebuke the speaker or look their disapproval of his carelessness or discourtesy.

I am going to use the word "aborigines" to designate the *Ainu*, whom the Japanese found in the country when they first came; although whether or not the *Ainu* were the original inhabitants of the land we call Japan, no man can say positively; but *probably* they were not. I am, too, now speaking of the Japanese as just ordinary human beings who were descended from some tribe or nation somewhere on the continent of Asia, doubtless from the same primitive stock as the other Mongol people. They made their way, just how no man knows, from western central Asia to the ocean, and then crossed the narrow sea which separates the Japanese archipelago from the peninsula of Korea. The Straits of Japan, or Korea Strait, the narrow sea I have just mentioned, are divided, about midway, by the Tsushima Islands; the eastern channel is called Krusenstern Strait and the western one Broughton Channel. It was in the lower part of this Korea Strait that Admiral Togo gained his great victory over the Russian admiral, Rojetsvensky, in 1905.

The distance from Japan to Korea is not great, and it was an easy matter for people in prehistoric times to cross from the mainland to the Japanese Islands. Probably, therefore, the ancestors of the Japanese came through

Korea; but the true Japanese today, and indeed, ever since Europeans have known them, are not much like the true Koreans, even in their appearance, and the two peoples are very different in language and character. Consequently students of mankind, anthropologists and ethnologists, think that the ancestors of the Japanese whom we know came from far away towards the center of the great continent of Asia.

The newcomers undoubtedly had a higher civilization than did the people whom they found already in the land; we are justified in assuming this from what we read in ancient Korean and Chinese records. But the aborigines did not willingly give up their land and accept the rule of the strangers. The Ainu were strong and brave, but they seem not to have had weapons with which they could fight the invaders on even terms. They were conquered and compelled to become almost the slaves of the Japanese, or they went into the northeastern parts of the country.

For a long time the Japanese were satisfied to live in the western central portion of the main island, just west of Lake Biwa. The particular section in which the Japanese immigrants settled is even now known as *Go-kinai*, "the five home provinces," — Yamashiro, Yamato, Kawachi, Settsu, and Izumi. Originally this nucleus of the Japa-



APPROACH to Ieyasu's Chapel, Nikko

nese empire was called *Shi-kinai*, "the four home provinces," because Izumi was not set off as a separate government district until 716 A.D. A glance at the map will show that in this section are some of Japan's most important cities — Nara, Kyoto, and Osaka — as well as all the places connected with the earliest and most interesting periods of Japan's history.

For several centuries after the invading Japanese had settled themselves in *Go-kinai* they were satisfied to have driven the Ainu, who might have been troublesome, into the extreme eastern part of the country, beyond Mount Fuji. But in the early years of the ninth century of the Christian era the Mikado and his councilors seem to have decided to push their dominions yet farther east than they then extended. The coast valley from Owari Bay to Suruga Bay had much good land, and it was thought desirable to settle that section; yet the probability of trouble for the farmers from attacks by the Ainu led to the sending of an army against those people to drive them still farther east.

Therefore a warrior, whose personal name was Wataamaro, was appointed, in the year 813 A.D., *Sei-i Tai-Shōgun* and sent to fight and subdue the barbarians; that is, the Ainu. There were other warlike expeditions sent against these really innocent people, who were

the rightful owners of the land, and the earliest history of our Japanese neighbors is something like that of ourselves, when we think of the way so many of our European ancestors obtained possession of North America. The commanders of all those early Japanese expeditions were given the same title. But Watamaro was not the very first to be appointed *Sei-i Tai-Shōgun*. The very first "Barbarian-conquering Great General" was Otomo-Otamaro, in the eighth century, and a little after him the title was conferred upon one Tamuramaro; only it was always the Ainu who were the *barbarians* to be subdued. But the Shogun did not become of great importance as an officer of the government until Yoritomo, near the end of the twelfth century after Christ, made himself what the French call "Mayor of the Palace," or, in fact, the supreme ruler of the land.

When I was a boy I was much interested in reading about what was then commonly spoken of as the "New Land of Japan"; because, not very long before, the report of Commodore Perry's expedition had been published, and there were translations of Kaempfer's book and of other Dutch works that were, as they are today, entertaining and instructive reading. I was very much puzzled by what some of those writers said about there being in Japan two rulers, a

spiritual emperor and a secular emperor. The first was represented as being nothing more than a figurehead; although being the lineal descendant of the gods, he was revered by the people, who were never permitted to see his face. The second emperor was described as having the whole duty of governing the land. It was not long afterwards that I found myself in the Far East and able to study about Japan at close range. I soon discovered that there never had been any other emperor in the country but the Mikado, and the Shogun — he whom some writers had called “the secular emperor” — received his appointment from the Mikado. The title was not even hereditary, although, as a matter of fact, it had come pretty near being so, because in two of the dynasties of Shoguns the father secured the appointment of one of his sons to be his successor.

There was for a time fierce rivalry between two branches of the imperial family. That was in the first half of the fourteenth century, and from that rivalry resulted one of the most dreadful of the many civil wars of Japan. The Northern Dynasty as it was called, or branch, was supported by the Shogun at the time, and the Southern Dynasty received the support of the loyal adherents of the Mikado Go-Daigo. Eventually the Northern Dynasty was successful, for the Ashikaga

Shogun compelled the Mikado Go-Kameyama to recognize Go-Komatsu as the sovereign. The former was to receive the title of Dai Jō Tennō, "ex-Mikado," and upon the death or abdication of the latter the Mikado was to be chosen from the rival branches alternately. This arrangement did not last long, and Japanese historians are so unwilling to let anything even seem to break the line of the Imperial Dynasty that they do not give the names of the five "usurpers," of the Northern branch, in the list of Mikados.

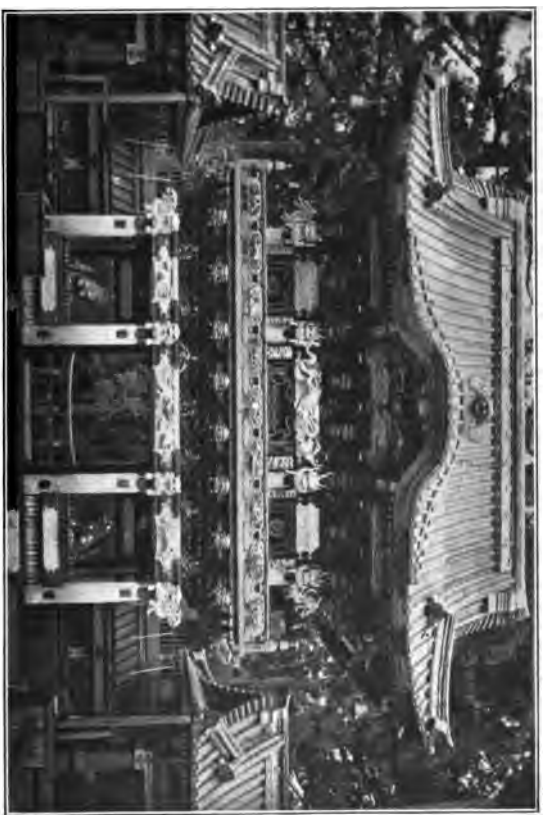
But it was Yoritomo who began the feudal system in Japan. By this the whole empire, as it had then developed, was parceled out among the military leaders who had been of service to Yoritomo. The administration of the country was conducted from Kamakura. This place was at that time, and from 1189 to 1526, a great city of more than a million inhabitants. Nothing remains to tell of the former splendor of the place except the great temple of Hachiman and the magnificent bronze image of Buddha, the finest of Japanese works of art. It is now a favorite sea-bathing resort for the people of Tokyo and Yokohama, being reached from the latter place in about fifty minutes by train — fifteen miles; but a shorter distance by a delightful walk over the intervening low hills.

Previous to Yoritomo's usurpation of the

government the provinces had been administered by civilians, and these provincial governors had been controlled from the imperial palace, nominally by the Mikado. When Yoritomo secured supremacy the administration of the whole country was conducted from Kamakura, three hundred miles east of the Mikado's capital, Kyoto. After Yoritomo's death the actual rulers of Japan were members of the Hojo family, from 1199 to 1334. These were not given the title of Shogun, the reason being, I suspect, that they were altogether too haughty and too powerful to be willing to go to Kyoto and receive investiture from the Mikado, who was, for most of the time, merely a puppet whom these Hojo set up and dethroned at their pleasure. The Hojo leaders were called *Shikken*, "Regents," yet they were absolute rulers. They pretended, at times, to keep up the line of Shoguns, and chose boys from the Fujiwara family or from among the subordinate imperial princes. These were sent to the Mikado's palace in Kyoto and formally created *Sei-i Tai-Shogun* by investiture from His Majesty. I have often been in that imperial palace, Kyoto, in the very room where these empty ceremonies were performed; sometimes it was in response to a summons from the late Mikado, now called Meiji Tennō; at other times to accompany

friends who were visiting Kyoto and wished to see the palace. When we were in the audience chamber I always thought of what was so often a mere farce. The raised dais, on which the emperor sat — we should call it “squatted down on his heels,” only that does not sound very imperial — is still there; but the mats have been replaced by a rug, and there is now a handsomely carved chair which does duty as a throne.

The moment one of those young Shoguns tried to do something for himself, or showed a tendency to act in opposition to the will of his master, the Hojo Regent, he was deposed and another puppet Shogun appointed. Not only were the Hojo extremely overbearing towards the nominal Shogun, but they were also most disrespectful, indeed I may truthfully say disloyal, to the Mikado. Their power was so great that they did not hesitate to depose Mikado Juntoku and banish him to the island of Sado, thirty-two miles off the northern coast, opposite Niigata. They compelled one ex-Mikado, Go-Toba, to become a priest, and because they feared that his influence with his successor might be against their plans, they banished him to the island of Oki, in the sea south of Kobe. They exiled another ex-Mikado and two princes of the imperial household to remote districts, and generally acted in such a way as to make



THE Beautiful Gate, Ieyasu's Chapel, Nikko

it very difficult to understand the recent assertions of Japanese writers that their sovereign has always been treated with the most profound respect and reverence. I fear this statement, and Japanese records and literature confirm it absolutely, does not uphold Mr. Kikuchi, whom I quoted in the last chapter, when he is so emphatic about no Japanese ever having evinced a trace of disloyalty to a Mikado.

All this time the feudal system of landed proprietors yielding military allegiance to their chief, the Hojo Regent at Kamakura, was being expanded and strengthened. After a long time another family arose and overthrew the Hojo. These new usurpers were the Ashikagas, who founded a famous line of Shoguns. But for a year or two, from 1334 to 1336, Mikado Go-Daigo made himself recognized and felt as a real ruler of Japan. This independence on the part of the Mikado soon disappeared again, because there were many causes at work to prevent its success.

The people of Japan had so greatly advanced in many ways, entirely due to the influence of Chinese teaching, that fine arts were very popular. The Mikados were too easily induced to give themselves up to pleasure and dissipation to take any real interest in the governing of the land, so that gradually the Ashikaga, through their gen-

erals and advisers, secured the full mastery. There were fourteen of these Ashikaga Shoguns, but only one of them was a man who displayed great personal strength of character. It was he who made the military magistracies hereditary in the families of his own nominees. This was a very important step in the history of Japanese feudalism.

After the Ashikaga Dynasty of Shoguns was overthrown by a man who pretended to be loyal to the Mikado — his name was Oda Nobunaga — in 1569, there was, besides Nobunaga, another ruler who was not exactly a *Sei-i Tai-Shogun*. The other was the famous Tayotomi Hideyoshi, well known abroad as the great *Taiko-sama*. Then, when Tokugawa Ieyasu had defeated Hideyoshi's son and successor, he established the Tokugawa Dynasty of Shoguns. This man, Ieyasu, was really a most remarkable character, and his brilliancy was equaled by but one of the long line who ruled the country until the birth of New Japan and the Restoration of 1868, when the Mikado became once more the sovereign *and* the ruler. That one other was Ieyasu's grandson, Iemitsu.

One of the most masterly strokes of Ieyasu's genius was the rearrangement of the fiefs in Japan. As he himself had seized the power, he naturally and justly felt that perhaps some other great leader might try to arrange a



TENNOJI, Osaka, Buddhist Temple and Pagoda

combination to work his own defeat; and if space permitted, I should like to show how the events of the first half of the nineteenth century justified his suspicions. Ieyasu determined to prevent such a combination if possible, and he redistricted the whole empire. One powerful Daimyo was given a neighbor of somewhat equal power, but a jealous rival. Small estates were given to stanch, trustworthy friends of the Shogun, between larger fiefs that were held by others who were suspected, with good reason, of personal ambition dangerous to Ieyasu. One Daimyo, a Tokugawa but the head of a different branch of the family, was established in what was then considered the most remote part of civilized Japan, far away in the north; Mito was his feudal seat.

Besides all this, Ieyasu made a rule, which was strictly enforced until the end of the feudal system in 1867, that each of the Daimyo should have a residence in Yedo (now Tokyo), which Ieyasu had made his capital in 1590. Here the wives and families of the feudal chiefs must remain permanently as hostages, and the chief himself had to pass each alternate year in Yedo. There were about three hundred of these Daimyo and their annual incomes ranged from, converted roughly into modern values, \$75,000 to \$10,000,000, and this constant coming and

going tended to keep down the danger of conspiracy to overthrow the Tokugawas.

Before Ieyasu possessed himself of the ruling power, Japan was one great battlefield, and almost constantly so. If there was not a great rebellion against the Mikado's friends or the Shogun, there was sure to be a broil somewhere between two or more of these feudal chiefs over boundary lines, infringement of privilege, or some other matter weighty or trivial. As Mr. James Murdoch,¹ correctly says: "In 1540 A.D., then, the empire of Japan was mostly a weltering chaos of warring feudal atoms — atoms in certain quarters, however, integrated into not inconsiderable masses which could boast of a fair amount of cohesion and stability."

Ieyasu held absolutely the purse strings of the empire. He received all the state revenue and he doled out to the Mikado and his courtiers petty sums that were barely sufficient to keep some of them from starvation and rags, even when eked out by private means; the rest of them were left to shift for themselves as best they might, many were teachers of all sorts and kinds. But the magnificence and luxury of the Shogun's capital are said to have been in marked and painful contrast with the pov-

¹ "A History of Japan during the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651)."

erty-stricken appearance of Kyoto, the imperial capital. The processions of the Daimyo on their way to Yedo or returning to their fiefs were truly pageants. In the case of the wealthiest, whose annual revenues ran up into millions of dollars of our currency now, they must have been gorgeous.

There were thousands of retainers, officers of the household, Samurai, and servants in the company, for everything that the Daimyo could need — food, clothing, furniture, etc. — was carried with him. The lord himself rode in a stately palanquin (a *norimono*) borne on the shoulders of a great number of porters who were trained to march with such military precision that the discomfort of motion was reduced to a minimum. Occasionally his lordship rode on a magnificently caparisoned horse, who was usually led by officers; and sometimes he even walked, for relaxation, and then an enormous umbrella, made of paper and emblazoned with his crest and having a handle six or eight feet long richly decorated with precious metals, mother-of-pearl, etc., was held over his head.

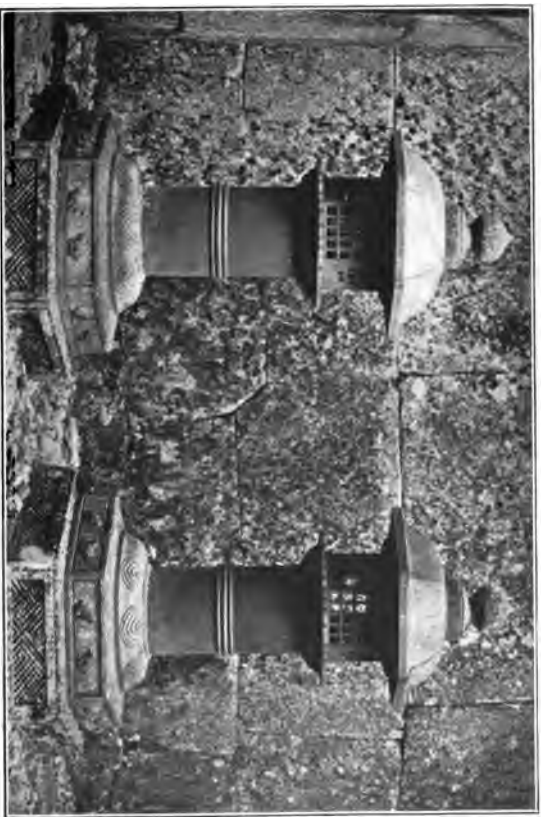
At stated intervals along the highroads, and those state roads were good and kept in excellent condition in those days, there were inns and resthouses. When the procession left one of the former, after a night's

lodging, the Daimyo's seneschal disbursed largesse with lavishness bordering upon prodigality.

If the visitor to Japan wishes to get an idea of the magnificence of the Tokugawa Dynasty of Shoguns, let him go to the mortuary chapels of Ieyasu and Iemitsu at Nikko. Here are bronze lanterns and candelabra given by the Daimyo, gifts from the Hollanders who were permitted to reside at Nagasaki and compelled to pay their respects at stated intervals to the Shogun at Yedo; and there are other testimonials of appreciation and gratitude.

The apartments of Ieyasu's chapel itself are everything that the most extravagant idea of Japanese ornamentation and fine arts can imagine. The ceiling of one room is divided by heavy beams into panels, and each panel has a plate of handsome tortoise shell which completely fills it. Ieyasu's tomb itself is on the summit of a little hill back of the chapel and is reached by a long flight of stone steps. It is not particularly grand or ornate, but the situation, the grand cryptomeria trees which shade it, and the sighing wind suggest a peace that was scarcely known to the great Shogun whose earthly remains were deposited there soon after his death.

The funeral pageant cost the state treas-



PAIR of Bronze Lanterns, a Temple Offering



ury a sum of money greater even than was expended when the late Mikado's body was borne from Tokyo to be interred at Momoyama, just south of Kyoto; but there were no ambassadors from friendly foreign governments to pay their respects to him who was the greatest of the Shoguns.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DAIMYO AND THE SAMURAI

THE stranger visiting Japan nowadays will occasionally see a man with his head partly shaved and his hair dressed in a curious fashion. The hair is shaved from the temples and from a broad strip on the top of the head back to just beyond the crown. The remaining hair is drawn into an unbraided queue, tied tightly at the back, and the short queue is brought forward to about the top of the forehead. This was, originally, a fashion that was adopted, for convenience, by the Daimyo in the Middle Ages. It was imitated by the retainers, the Samurai, and for some time was looked upon as the badge of a warrior.

Gradually, however, all classes did the same thing until 1873, when many old customs and fashions were discarded in the Europeanization of Japan. Since then the upper orders have entirely given up the *mage*, as this style of hair-dressing was called, and now it is seen only among some of the lower classes, fishermen along the coast and fish pedlers in town.

During the troublous times in Japan of which I have made mention in the last chapter, it was not at all an uncommon thing for a warrior to cut off the head of his vanquished enemy and bear it to his lord in proof of his prowess or as evidence that a command had been obeyed. When this decapitation was performed a dirk or a long skewer — in the sheath of the shorter sword there was usually such an implement for just this purpose — was thrust through the queue, so that the head might be conveniently carried.

The title *Daimyo* means, literally, “great name.” If we accept the Japanese estimate of their own antiquity, it is comparatively a new word, for there were no Daimyo in the earlier Middle Ages, before the feudal system was firmly established. The Daimyo formed a rather small class of nobility, but their wealth and military power caused them to be very prominent. Yet there was another class of what were considered true nobles; these were called *Kugè*. They were the legitimate aristocracy of Japan and were all to be found in or near the imperial court at Kyoto. They were alleged to trace their descent from the gods; and certainly they sprang from one or another of the earlier Mikados, for, as I have already said, the sovereign often had many sons, of whom

but one could immediately succeed to the throne, while the others married and reared families. The families came to make up the very large class of Kugè, often called "court nobles" to distinguish them from the Daimyo, the territorial nobles.

After the revolution of 1868 the Daimyo voluntarily surrendered their fiefs. Some of the most important were given titles of the new order of nobility, corresponding to the English prince, marquis, count, viscount, or baron. But a great many of the Kugè were also included in the new nobility and, what probably pleased them almost as much, they were granted pensions; so that the hard times of the pre-Meiji era were soon forgotten, and from being teachers of painting, penmanship, poetry, the Chinese classics, or Japanese literature, if they did not have to accept whatever living some menial or degrading occupation brought, they emerged into positions of dignity and ease.

In the very earliest days of the Daimyo there was another class of warrior chiefs, corresponding somewhat to the European knight or baronet, who were by no means so important as the Daimyo. Their estates were small and their incomes very meager. For a time these lesser warrior chiefs were called *Shomyo*, "small name." But this title disappeared very soon, probably be-

cause "it did not sound grand enough to be welcome by those who bore it," as Professor B. H. Chamberlain says.¹ These men continued to hold small estates for some time and they had a certain independence; but gradually they became subordinate to the more powerful Daimyo, or else they gave up the glorious profession of arms and turned into regular farmers. Certainly, during the many years I lived in Japan, I never met anyone who took pride in being descended from a Shomyo. In fact I never heard the word in conversation, and came across it only now and then in some old history or historical novel.

In reading over what I have written in the last chapter, I see that I may have conveyed a wrong impression. It is not literally true that the *whole* of the main island of Japan, together with all of the large southern islands of Kyushiu and Shikoku — the small islands along the coasts, of course — was apportioned out among the Daimyo; because there were a number of tracts that were looked upon as forming a sort of hereditary imperial estates, and others belonging to the different Buddhist sects, which together made up a considerable area. There were, too, some smaller properties connected with Shinto temples and shrines, and then

¹ "Things Japanese."

there were numerous small landholders. Yet when one looks at a map which shows the territories of the Daimyo at the beginning of the Tokugawa rule, one finds that these independent tracts are not designated, and one naturally assumes that the whole empire *was* divided up amongst the Daimyo.

In the feudal times it was considered beneath the dignity of a warrior to have any knowledge of financial matters or anything to do with money; and while there were gold, silver, and copper pieces, as well as paper money, in use — and these were issued by the different Daimyo at their pleasure — yet the revenue of a feudal chief, from Shogun down, was not computed in *ryo*, as the unit of money was called (about fifty cents), but in *koku*, a measure of rice. One *koku* was put up in a bale and it contained very nearly five bushels of threshed but not cleaned rice.

At the present time a *koku* of this sort of rice sells in Japan for about twenty *yen*; the average price during the Tokugawa rule was about eight *yen*, a *yen* being equal to half a dollar. But it is generally admitted that the purchasing power of money during Tokugawa times in Japan, from 1603 to 1867, was, on the average, quite five times what it is today. In getting an idea of the wealth of the Daimyo, we may reckon a *koku* at twenty dollars.



BELL Tower, Iyasu's Chapel, Nikko

Now the poorest feudal chief who was considered to be entitled to rank as a Daimyo had a revenue of 10,000 *koku*, or the equivalent of \$200,000, while the richest, Tokugawa Ieyasu himself, for he was both Shogun and Daimyo, had 2,557,000 *koku*, or \$45,140,000. The second, in the matter of revenue, was Mori Terumoto, whose estates were in the fertile provinces of Bitchu, Bingo, Aki, Suwo, Nagato, Iwami, and Izumo, in the western part of the main island, stretching across from the Inland Sea, on the south, to the Japan Sea, on the north. This revenue was put down at 1,205,000 *koku*.

It must not be supposed that a Daimyo's income was exclusively for himself, his own family, and his household. Not at all. Each Daimyo was required to keep on his estates a certain number of Samurai, fighting men, who, with their families and servants, were fed and clothed by their chief. These Samurai were at the disposal of the Shogun whenever he called for them, and in the case of such a Daimyo as Mori, there were probably more than one hundred thousand of them.

There were too, necessarily, a goodly number of armorers, artisans, and other non-producers, all of whom had to share the Daimyo's *koku*. In time of peace the Sa-

murai lived in almost absolute idleness, for guard-mounting was then their only duty; and all things considered, the actual net income of even the richest Daimyo was not so great as it would seem to be at first glance. Besides, there was the enormous expense entailed by the enforced biennial expedition to Yedo and back, and the necessity for maintaining the establishment in the Shogun's capital.

Some of the Daimyo were patrons of the fine arts and had in their retinue artists, makers of lacquer, potters, and skilful decorators of beautiful specimens of the ceramic art; some gave attention to literature or music; but as a rule, in the long reign of peace which followed upon Ieyasu's conquest, their lives must have been dreadfully dull and dreary. There was little of what we know as social intercourse; the mingling of ladies and gentlemen was something absolutely impossible; it could not even be thought of.

One Daimyo could hardly dare make a friendly visit to a neighbor, because half of his neighbors, if not all of them, were not friendly; and if one did attempt to get a little relaxation from the monotony of his home life, there were spies of the great chief, the Tokugawa Shogun, to report and probably distort; so that invariably the Daimyo

who ventured off his own fief laid himself open to the suspicion of trying to hatch a conspiracy against the Tokugawa government.

In certain cities and towns of Japan there yet stand castles which were built by the old Daimyo. Some of these still show traces of a certain elegance in their decoration, but as a rule they are cheerless places, really just what they were intended to be, barracks for soldiers.

The principal occupations of a Daimyo, when in his feudal home, were superintending the Samurai, consulting with his steward and other household officials, and making out reports to the Shogun. His amusements were practising with his weapons, a wooden sword, very like the English "single-stick," only grasped with both hands, being substituted for the true cutting blade, horsemanship, a little hawking and sporting, and a great deal of frivolity with professional dancers (*geisha*) and musicians.

I am sure that all these military chiefs simply stagnated from the time Ieyasu gained the mastery and enforced peace throughout the land until the breaking out of that curious revolution in 1867 which is called the War of Restoration, because its result *restored* the Mikado to his rightful position of ruler and governor.

In spite of the efforts that the Tokugawa Shoguns made to keep the great Daimyo from hatching mischief, there was, we now know, collusion that would have resulted in the overthrow of the Tokugawa Dynasty, even if Commodore Perry had not forced his way into Japan and been the cause of some of the Daimyo appearing to be rebels, although they were fighting to maintain the isolation and independence of their country.

I am sure, too, that when the end of the rebellion came and all the Daimyo gave up their estates, not one of them regretted the act which relieved him from the burden of responsibility to maintain his useless Samurai and their families, with the host of supernumeraries who drew so heavily upon his income.

But now let us turn to the Samurai, the Bushi in classical Japanese. If I should try to tell all that there is to say about the Samurai of Japan, I should have to get permission to write several books many times the size of this volume. This interesting, although curiously contradictory, creature has been described by European and American writers in many different ways. If my opinion differs from that of most of those whose enthusiasm has found positively nothing about the Samurai which did not evoke the greatest admiration, I think I

have some right to form my own estimate of the Samurai's character, because I made the acquaintance of some of these warriors, the military class, the gentry — for they have been called all these by English writers — in 1868, and I said goodbye to some of them when I last left Japan, in June, 1910. But how, it may be asked, is it possible for me to know Samurai now, when the whole class was disbanded in the early years of the Meiji era? The answer to the question brings out strongly another example of the Japanese fondness for altering names. In 1878 the whole population of Japan was divided into three orders by law: the nobility (*kwazoku*), the gentry (*shizoku*), and the common people (*heimin*). It will be noticed that the imperial family does not figure in these classes; they are "above the clouds." But *shizoku* is merely a Chinese term having precisely the same meaning as the historical and genuinely native word *samurai*. Therefore, inasmuch as I had the honor to include a number of *Shizoku* in the list of my acquaintances, some of them lineal descendants of the fighting men of old times; and as several *Shizoku* came to the railway station to bid me farewell, I may truthfully say that I knew Samurai.

At the gates of the Mikado's palace in Kyoto, and at all the doorways of the build-

ing itself, as well as at other stations within the grounds, there used to be, before the twelfth century after Christ, soldiers on guard who were said to *samurau*; that is, "to be on guard." Later this verb was changed just a little bit and the noun *samurai* was made, which described the whole warrior class, the actual fighting men in the ranks below the Daimyo, whose service they entered and whose dignity and honor they guarded more jealously than they did their own.

For, when the feudal system was fully established, the Samurai, in my opinion, rarely gave a thought to the Mikado. The warrior's first and only allegiance was to his Daimyo. For his feudal master he was ready and anxious, almost invariably, to give his life, to sacrifice his family, and to yield everything in this world, as well as the hope of everything in the hereafter. But there were *ronins*, "wave-men," among the Samurai. These were retainers who for some reason had been dismissed from service and could get no other Daimyo to enroll them among his followers. The fact that sometimes this degradation followed an act of disloyalty or treachery goes to show that even a Samurai's allegiance was not absolute.

In Japanese history and literature, espe-



JAPANESE Masks Used in
Theatrical Performances

cially in what are accepted as reasonably accurate historical novels, there are very many accounts of the Samurai's devotion to his Daimyo leading him to submit willingly and cheerfully to personal degradation and inducing him to compel his wife or daughters to give up their honor in order to give assistance, too often undeserved, to his master. One of the most famous of these episodes is still madly fascinating to the Japanese people. It has been dramatized, and when the play is given the theater is always crowded. It is called *Chiushingura*, or "The Loyal League"; some European writers have given it the title, "The Forty-seven Ronins." The story has been translated into English and most of the other languages of Europe. I give a very brief synopsis of the tale, because I wish to call attention to what I consider its doubtful morality. A young Daimyo, Asano, Lord of Ako, is designated by the Shogun to perform the very important duty of receiving and entertaining at the Shogun's court an envoy from the Mikado. Being uninformed in the etiquette of the two courts, he, with his colleague, placed himself under the instruction of an experienced old courtier, a mercenary, avaricious wretch, named Kira. The colleague's steward, gaging exactly the character of the Master of Ceremonies, gives

him a large bribe. Asano's steward, like his master, is too ingenuous to do this, and the result is disastrous. The teacher brutally insults the hero, even going so far as to order him to kneel and tie up his sock. Asano becomes so infuriated that he draws his short sword and attacks Kira, who saves his life only by flight.

Conforming to strict rule, all these men had left their long swords at the entrance; but the drawing of even the shorter one within the Shogun's palace was a crime punishable with death. Asano is sentenced to commit *harakiri* (suicide by disemboweling), his estate is forfeited, his family is declared extinct, and his followers are turned adrift. They formed a band, the *Chiushin-gura*, to avenge their lord's insult and death. But they waited until chance gave them an unfair advantage over the teacher of etiquette; they did not act as bold, brave vendetti. After waiting a year or more, until Kira's fear of their vengeance had become somewhat allayed, they surrounded his house, broke in one stormy, snowy night, and when he refused to commit *harakiri*, as he ought to have done, according to the Samurai's code of honor, they slew him and cut off his head, which they laid before their lord's tomb with a written statement of how they had avenged him.

Then they gave themselves up to the Shogun's officers, were sentenced to commit *harakiri*, which they did, and all of them were buried in the grounds of the Buddhist temple, *Senkakuji*, Shiba district, Yedo (Tokyo). Every year, on the anniversary of their deed, crowds of people from all parts of Japan gather at this temple to do honor to the Forty-seven Ronins, and this "has been the reward of their obedience to the ethical code of their time and country."

I do not venture to condemn these faithful servants from the higher Christian standpoint that "vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord"; I try to put myself in the position of the Japanese Samurai whose code did permit him to avenge his lord's death upon the coward who compassed it. Had the attack been made in the open and promptly, I should feel less like criticizing adversely, I could almost condone it; but the delay and the actual circumstances in which the purpose of the vendetta was accomplished always repelled me.

In very much the same way do I look upon the suicide of the late General Nogi. From the standpoint of the old-time Samurai, and Nogi was of that stock, it was very loyal and glorious; but it was not consistent with the dignity of Advanced Japan. Had it been, every army and navy officer in Japan

should have killed himself. I am glad to know that all Japanese do not approve of Nogi's act, and it is a good sign for Japan that a majority of the statesmen and publicists approve of what the late Mikado's physician has said of his imperial patient's dissipated habits, and that they commend the doctor for refusing to commit suicide.

Some English writers have compared the Japanese Samurai to the European knight of the palmy days of chivalry. To my mind the comparison is very far-fetched indeed. Neither love for God nor gallantry towards the ladies ever aroused enthusiasm in the breast of the Japanese military man of the olden times. The poor and the needy never appealed to his sense of justice, compelling him to draw his sword in their defense. Other writers have contemptuously described the Samurai as a swaggering swashbuckler. That, I contend, is just as far wrong in the opposite direction. That the Samurai could fight, that he loved to do so, cannot be denied, and some of the spirit of the old Bushi survives to this day. Yet with general competition, the struggle for existence, and many other changes which have come as a result of the modernizing of Japan, I am afraid it must be admitted that the *true* spirit of the Samurai has been sadly weakened, if it has not nearly disappeared. The

common soldiers are not now drawn from one particular class which, because of heredity and training, will supply lovers of battle. The merciless, indiscriminating hand of conscription reaches out among the farmers, the fishermen, the mechanics, all classes, and it is inevitable that many of the soldiers dislike the duty for which they have no inherited fondness.

After the Daimyo surrendered their estates provision for the Samurai was made by estimating what would be the probable equivalent, for the rest of his life, of the allowance that had been given to each one, including his family. When the amount was determined, government bonds were given to the Samurai and he was left to shift for himself. At first the Samurai was allowed to choose whether he would take the bonds or continue to be a nominal retainer, but this plan proved to be embarrassing to the Daimyo, and in 1876 it was made compulsory by law for the ex-soldiers to take bonds.

As none of them had ever had any business training or experience, many of them fell easy victims to sharpers, who robbed them of their little capital and left them in abject poverty and misery; many lost their money through reckless speculation or business ventures for which they had no capacity, and it was not at all an uncommon

thing, thirty years ago, to see a Samurai drawing a *jinrikisha*, or working as a day laborer, or engaged in a most menial occupation.

A few Samurai were bright enough to know how to take care of themselves, and I think I am not mistaken when I say that most of the best men in Japan now, civilians or military leaders, are descendants of Samurai; the oldest, but most of these are no longer in active life, were themselves Samurai. "It is common to regard the 'two-sworded class' as a caste of hoary antiquity. As a sober matter of historical fact, it was only in the sixteenth century that the wearing of two swords was confined to the select and privileged class of the Samurai! Down to the death of Ieyasu in 1616, in Japan there was *la carrière ouverte aux talents*; and any man of ability and of mettle could then carve out a career for himself." ¹

My own first personal acquaintance with Samurai was made in September, 1868, while yet these gentry were a conspicuous feature in Japanese society. It led to an experience which was rather exciting for a moment, and which illustrates how prompt were these warriors to handle their swords when they thought something had been done to touch their honor. Yedo had not yet been changed

¹ Murdoch, *op. cit.*

to Tokyo, for Mikado Mutsuhito had not transferred his seat of government from Kyoto, and the old capital of the Shogun was, for the time being, merely an interesting city without any special importance in the administration of the government.

Residence in Yedo was forbidden to all foreigners except those diplomatic officials, ministers plenipotentiary, secretaries of legation, and others, who chose to live there; but inasmuch as there was just then no actual government in Yedo, most of the legations had been transferred to Kanagawa, a suburb of Yokohama, or to Yokohama itself. There was nothing in the great city that remotely resembled a "foreign style" hotel, so that strangers could not have secured accommodation. Still, the ex-Shogun's capital was an interesting place to visit, and permission to do so, just for the day, could be obtained through one's consul at Yokohama.

This official permission two other Americans and myself secured, and our Consul kindly lent us his Japanese interpreter to be our guide. A covered wagon drawn by two ponies, driven by, I think, a Porto Rico negro who was nevertheless an American citizen, left Yokohama early each morning, went as far as the Shinagawa suburb of Yedo, and returned in the late afternoon. We

took our places in this stagecoach and started for Yedo.

As soon as we reached the barrier between the foreign concession and the native town of Yokohama, two Samurai attached themselves to us as a guard. They were dressed in the old style, but wore only what I may call "half-armor." Instead of helmets they had curiously peaked straw hats tied tightly under the chin, the double cords passing behind the ears. They were mounted on shaggy, vicious-looking ponies, and their bridles, saddles, stirrups, and all trappings were positively medieval; but I shall not take the time to describe the costumes or the trappings. The crest which showed on surcoats, weapons, etc., indicated that they were retainers of the recently deposed Tokugawa Shogun. They were, I remember distinctly, miserable horsemen, and as our Jehu drove pretty briskly along the good road, it made the mounted guards very uncomfortable to trot alongside.

We were not more than two hours in reaching Shinagawa, where we got down in the courtyard of a large hotel and rested a few minutes in a guest room. Then another guard appeared, but these new men were on foot, wearing straw sandals lashed securely. They too were Tokugawa retainers. For each foreigner there were two



B*ROADSWORD Practice*

Samurai, one walking on each side, and one for our guide; so we made quite a party, eleven all told. We walked to Shiba ward, where we saw the tombs of some of the Tokugawa Shoguns; then came back towards Shinagawa to visit Senkakuji temple and the graves of the Forty-seven Ronins, of whom I have just written. I was astonished to note how little attention the people in the streets paid to us; they looked at us casually and they made remarks, I am sure, but there was really nothing of the crowding and insolence to which I became accustomed and by which I was often greatly annoyed when I returned some years later to live in the country.

After a while we decided that a Japanese lunch would be the proper thing, and our guide, after consultation with the guard, decided upon a restaurant and we tramped off to it. When the necessary arrangements as to viands, price, etc., had been made with the proprietor, we entered the vestibule. Here we foreigners took off our shoes. There were plenty of maidservants who seemed anxious to perform this office for us, only they had not the faintest idea how to go about it. The sandals of the Japanese were removed by attendants, their hats hung up, and each one of the seven Samurai deposited his long sword in the rack pro-

vided for the purpose on the wall of the vestibule. We were then ushered into the best room, at the back of the house and overlooking a lovely little garden. Besides a large firebox, in which was bright charcoal for pipe smokers, and cushions for us to squat or kneel on, there was not a vestige of furniture in the room; but of these particulars and about the meal itself I have not space to tell.

I had lived long enough in China and there I had associated with the natives sufficiently to be adept in manipulating the chopsticks, which both peoples used as a substitute for our forks; the solid food is always cut up, so a knife is not needed, and liquid food is gulped from the bowls, so spoons are unnecessary. But my American companions had evidently never learned to handle the awkward chopsticks.

Presently I realized that our guards, our guide, and the half dozen or more waitresses were having a lot of fun out of the awkwardness of my companions. Then somebody drew attention to me and, although I did not then know more than a few words of Japanese, it was evident that they were saying, "He is very skilful." The Samurai on my right picked up some small particle of food with his chopsticks, and leaning towards me, he banteringly shook them in

my face. His manner, and his words, too, I was sure meant: "You are not clever enough to do that!" Whereupon, not to take his dare, I picked up a hard-boiled egg with *my* chopsticks — I think I should have hesitated had the eggs been raw or soft-boiled! — and shook it in his face, saying: "Can you do that?"

My performance was greeted with a shout of laughter by all the Japanese, and this simply infuriated the Samurai. He sprang to his feet, his black eyes snapping with rage, his teeth clenched as he hissed out something, not complimentary I am sure, but which each may imagine for himself, and grasping the hilt of his short sword. Before he could unsheathe the blade some of his friends had caught his hand to prevent his carrying out his murderous intention, and then came an excited argument. In a few minutes the enraged warrior was placated and he knelt in front of me, extended his hands, palms down, on the mat, and bowed his head to the backs as he apologized. Ignorance was bliss of course; neither my companions nor I fully realized what had happened, and we had remained seated during the fracas. There was nothing else to do, and it seemed that our calmness had had a most admirable effect. The waitresses, who had rushed screaming from the room

when they thought a foreigner was about to be cut down, now returned chattering, although their laughter did have an hysterical sound, and the meal was finished without further disturbance. When the boiled rice and tea were served, as a sign that the lunch was ended, we paid the bill, returned to the hotel where the wagon was waiting for us, and drove back to Yokohama. I suppose the leave-taking of our guard of foot-soldiers was more than usually impressive; I know that my threatened murderer bowed to me at least a dozen times more than did any of the others. On the way to Yokohama the interpreter dwelt at some length upon the narrow escape I had had. He told us that had the Samurai actually unsheathed his blade, the code forbade his returning it until it had "drunk blood," and that in the circumstances the only blood that could have quenched its thirst was my own.

CHAPTER IX

THE FARMER

IN my humble opinion no one has ever done full justice to the Japanese farmer, the *hyakusho* as he is called. Literally translated that word means "one hundred sho," *sho* being a measure of capacity for grain and like things, and it is equivalent to about half a bushel. So that *hyakusho* is pretty much the same as our "hayseed"! But to show how little the less than one half of the Japanese people who are not engaged in field labor think of the majority who are farmers, that same term *hyakusho* is used contemptuously to designate a stupid fellow, a bumpkin, a lazy lout. Yet notwithstanding the seeming and manifest contempt which most Japanese of the so-called upper classes, the students especially, affect towards the farmer, he took rank, in former times, well above the merchant or tradesman or even the money-changers, who were as near being bankers as there was in the country.

In the social classes, that came very near being as rigid in their determining lines as ever were the castes of India, came first the Kugè,

then the Daimyo and Samurai, then the sword makers, armorers, and others whose skill contributed to supply the warrior's needs, *then* the farmer; and it was not so very difficult for the agriculturalist to gain the right to wear two swords, nor was it impossible for him to become a Samurai. After the farmer came the literati and professional men of marked ability, but not the doctors, who were very low in the scale. Then, but here was a wide gap, came the merchant and tradesman; between whom and the actors, musicians, and all who catered to the pleasure of the rest of the world, there was another broad line, only it did not constitute such an impassable barrier as that which stood above the business men. At the bottom of the scale were the *Eta*, outcasts, pariahs in fact, who acted as human scavengers, dug graves for criminals, and followed other degrading occupations. Nominally the lines which formerly separated these classes were wiped out in the reorganization of Modern Japan, but I know that the military officers today consider themselves vastly superior to all others, that the word of the business man is not by any means taken to be as good as his bond, and that there are certain districts in the suburbs of the large cities or detached villages wherein the *Eta* are herded together and still follow somewhat their old avoca-

tions of removing dead animals, skinning them, and preparing the hides for the tanner and worker in leather, and upon which the other Japanese find it impossible to look as anything but defilement.

Japan is such a mountainous country that the area of arable land is quite disproportionate to the size of the whole empire. It is alleged that barely twelve per cent of the entire surface can be cultivated, and that even the cultivable portion is not naturally very fertile. Still there are large tracts of wild moorland which might easily be brought under cultivation, or at least be converted into grazing lands, if only the government would give attention to the matter and annually divert a few million *yen* to this purpose from building Dreadnoughts and maintaining an army and a navy that seriously cripple the poor taxpayers. Where the farmer lives and labors, however, there are abundant evidences of his diligence and self-sacrifice. Doubtless the major part of the farming land is lean soil; still the judicious use of fertilizers — mostly night-soil applied in small quantity direct to the growing plant; the elaborate and skilful system of irrigation that gets full value from every drop of water; the laborious subsoil working — by hand in the soft ooze of the rice fields — and the

incisive weeding ought to produce better results in quantity than they do. When the harvest is measured by bushels of rice, or wheat, or barley, or whatever else the *hyakusho* may raise, the thorough husbandman of Europe or America would laugh at the scanty crop. Land that ought to yield at least twenty-five to thirty bushels of rice to the acre actually gives less than ten on the average.

I have often wondered, as I studied Japanese literature, art, etc., or observed the agriculture, industries, and manufactures of the country, what there is in Japan that is really and truly original. The love of war, because they were always fighting amongst themselves before Ieyasu put a stop to it, until they had the chance to go to war with strangers in recent years; the fondness for seeing human blood flow; these may be a natural instinct of these people whose remote history and evolution are unknown to us; for they seem to show a likeness to some of their Mongolian cousins. But after that it seems to me that every art, industry, and occupation has been borrowed from somebody else. I do not mean to say that, after borrowing, the Japanese have not sometimes improved upon the original pattern; they have often done so.

In agriculture, however, the Japanese farm-

ers have not evinced any capacity for improvement upon what they learned from others, except in the northern island, Yezo, of which I shall speak later in this chapter. Apparently they knew next to nothing about husbandry two thousand years ago, or when they first commenced to have active intercourse with China. Agriculture and other industries which are closely or remotely allied thereto were introduced from China; just when, I do not know, as to the ordinary efforts of the farmer. Tea is said to have been brought to Japan from China in the year 805 A.D. Silkworms and the mulberry-trees, upon the leaves of which they feed, probably came from Korea soon after the beginning of the Christian era. I have already mentioned the accidental introduction of cotton. The camphor-tree is a native of Japan and apparently the mechanical process of extracting the gum and the oil was known to the people long ago. The lacquer-tree seems to have been introduced from China at a very remote time in the past. All of these accessories to the agriculturalist's province may be considered at length hereafter; just now we have to do with the farmer pure and simple.

In feudal times the farmers were practically tenants on shares, and generally the part that the Daimyo took for himself was a tremendous burden upon the poor farmer,

for whom there was no court of justice to safeguard his rights. If the tenant was dissatisfied with the share that the feudal lord demanded he could not move away without that lord's written permission, and if he packed up and made off, no other landowner would receive him. Usually the Dai-myō's share was one half the crop, often it was three fourths; and there are instances recorded, in time of war or some specially urgent need of money, when it was as high as seven eighths of all the crops. Nowadays there are scarcely any large landed proprietors whose fields are cultivated by tenant farmers on shares; the husbandman, in the very few cases I know of, never receives less than one half. Each farmer usually owns his field or fields, although *ownership* in this case is not precisely what is meant by the word in America or Europe, as I shall explain presently.

The farmer cultivates his own land with the help of his sons and his male neighbors, although his wife and daughters, as well as the wives and daughters of his fellow villagers, do such a large share of field work as to draw forth many a protest from the observing and gallant "outside barbarian" visitors.

"Ownership of land" is a phrase which, in Japan, has a somewhat different meaning from that which the words convey to an

American. In this country when we say that Mr. A owns such and such a piece of land, it means that he owns not only the surface of the ground, the cultivable soil or the building right, but everything down to the very center of the globe. If minerals are found beneath the surface, they are absolutely his, and he may consult his own pleasure about digging them out himself or letting somebody else have the privilege of doing so upon payment to him of what is usually called a "royalty"; that is, a fixed sum or a percentage of the value of the minerals extracted. Mr. A must pay all taxes that the state, county, and local authorities levy on his property, but to the United States national government he pays nothing at all in the way of taxes. When Mr. A wishes to dispose of his land he does so by writing and signing a deed which transfers absolutely the ownership of the property and all rights and privileges to the grantee. Conditions are not at all the same in Japan. Strictly speaking, every foot of land in the whole empire belongs to the Mikado; although this is now rather what we should call a figure of speech. But there is nothing figurative about the Mikado's ownership when we come to consider the minerals below the surface of the ground or the mineral water that flows from natural springs. These

do not belong to the so-called owner, and if precious metals, or useful minerals, or coal, or building stones, or anything that is of mineral origin are found in the ground, the owner of the surface cannot touch them without obtaining permission from the proper department of the central government at Tokyo and payment of royalty. Mr. Y, who is supposed to own a farm somewhere in Japan, is a long way from being what will satisfy our idea of a landowner. He must pay a land tax, ground rent it is called technically, to the imperial government, and upon that ground rent are based a number of local taxes. The main divisions of Japan are *kuni*, literally "country," but called in English "province." These correspond, in a way, to the States of the American Union. But for administrative purposes this division is almost ignored, because for actual government the primary division is the *fu*, "an urban prefecture." Of these there are three: Tokyo-fu, Kyoto-fu, and Osaka-fu. It will be noticed that the *fu* is associated with the names of the three principal cities of Japan. They do embrace those cities and also a considerable country beyond the actual city limits. Kyoto-fu is the largest of the *fu*, Osaka-fu the smallest. Next come the *ken*, which foreigners have agreed to express as "prefecture." These

divisions do not invariably follow the provincial boundaries, although they do conform roughly to them. Then there are *shi*, municipalities, and *mura*, villages. Of other political divisions it is not necessary to speak.

Beginning with the *fu* or *ken*, down through city, ward, precinct, street, each division is entitled to receive from the landowner a tax which is determined as a certain percentage of the central government's land tax or on the national income tax. I shall not go into details of the income tax, the house tax, the occupation tax, the business taxes, the school taxes, and the almost innumerable other imposts, but I do say that at the present time, when a Japanese has paid all that is demanded of him in direct and indirect taxation, he has given up one third of his gross income, and no people on earth can long bear such a burden.

When Mr. Y wishes to transfer his right in the land to Mr. K he must surrender his lease and record the transfer in the proper office; he does not execute a deed. The lease, which confers certain rights to the surface ground, is generally made perpetual and is transferable by will, so that naturally this amounts to about the same thing as ownership, but only to what are technically called "superficies"; it is not a right "in fee simple."

According to Japanese tradition, the Mikado is descended in an unbroken line of succession, father to son, from Izanagi and Izanami, who created the whole of Japan; consequently he is the sole and only owner of the land. But really, when the feudal system became firmly established, the Mikado's rights seemed to have been ignored, and the Shogun and the Daimyo were the actual owners. After the Restoration (1867) the land system was completely reorganized; all mountain forests, all waste land, and all unproductive areas became the property of the state, besides certain other valuable estates.

The arable land was left in the possession of the farmers, to whom were given new leases, in perpetuity or for fixed periods, but always with the reservation of mineral rights and of everything below the surface of the ground. In some cases, I suppose, there was an old document which established the farmer's right to occupy his land; this was merely confirmed. I know there are farmers in Japan whose ancestors, in an unbroken line, had held the property which the present tenants now occupy, back for more centuries than will reach to the beginning of the Tokugawa Dynasty of Shoguns.

The farming land in Japan, except in the Hokkaido (Yezo), is divided into many small

fields, although the dividing ridge is often so low and narrow as to make a number of these patches seem like one large field. This subdivision is necessary because otherwise the vital irrigation could not be properly done. Almost invariably the fields surround the hamlet or village in which the land-owners — I use the word for convenience — live. It is very exceptional to see an isolated farmhouse in Japan.

This gathering of the people into small, and dreadfully unsanitarily compact, communities was done for a treble purpose: first, it was economical of land, a most important matter; second, it was done for protection, because in former times Ronins and other bad men were likely to attempt robbery, while even now the thief and robber are not unknown; third, it was convenient, because the people could work together and by concentrating the community effort upon one man's field they would accomplish more than if each landowner did his own work alone. This was a form of communism which was very essential. Its importance will be found to be especially conspicuous when rice culture is discussed.

When I made my first visit to Japan, in 1868, and rode out into the country, I was struck by the strange quietness of the farm-yards; the noises which we usually hear

were almost wholly lacking. There were always a few barnyard fowls, so I occasionally heard a cock crow or a hen cackle; but there were very few horned cattle, and in the country there was not a single dairy farm. At Yokohama, where the foreigners' tastes had to be considered, there were milch cows. Yet at that time milk was none too plentiful and all the butter that was used came in tins from Europe.

There were no sheep, goats, or pigs, and the absence of the last quite surprised me, for I had become so accustomed to seeing them everywhere in China that I rather took it for granted they would be plentiful in Japan. I did not realize how much stricter Buddhists the Japanese were than the Chinese. Now a few pigs, of the black, China breed, are not an uncommon sight in the country districts of Japan, but there are yet no sheep or goats, because there are no pastures or meadows wherein they may graze. The bamboo grass which covers so much of the untilled land, where stock ranges might be possible, is totally unfit for sheep and goats; its hard, sharp-edged leaves cut their intestines and they literally have "died off like sheep" whenever the experiment of rearing them has been tried.

Agriculture, then, is a word which must be used with a very narrow range when it is

applied to Japan. Although fully one half the population is engaged in this occupation, and while probably one third, some say one half, of the national revenue is derived from the ground, the word mainly indicates what is done in cultivating rice and a few other grains. The "all-round" farmer, who feeds and clothes himself and his family from his own land, going to a store for certain luxuries, is an unknown quantity.

The farmers are the most conservative class in Japan. I think I am not mistaken when I say that, when opportunity and population are considered, there are probably as many farmers in Japan who have never possessed a kerosene oil lamp as there are in China. If recent information, which confirms my own observation, is trustworthy, the Japanese farmer is quite as primitive in his methods as are his Chinese cousins, and his implements are fully as medieval as are theirs.

The plow which is in general use today is just about the same sort of thing as that which we see in pictures of Egypt representing customs in the time of the Pharaohs. Occasionally the share is shod with a plate of iron, but oftener it is not so, and in any case it serves merely to scratch the surface of the ground. Yet inasmuch as the soil has been worked over by hundreds of generations and is generally free from stones

and rarely tough, this tickling is sufficient. The plow is drawn by a bullock, sometimes by a cow, when the work is on dry ground; but the rice fields are always plowed when under water, as in China and throughout the rest of the East, and then a water buffalo is frequently employed. But I have often seen men, and women even, wading in the soft ooze of the "paddy fields" to draw a plow. Foreigners generally in the East call the rice fields by that name; it comes from the Malay word *padi*, which means "unhusked rice," either in the field or harvested.

The Japanese farmer makes great use of his hoe, but the typical implement is quite different from our ideal hoe. The blade is usually two and a half to three feet long and from six to eight inches wide, almost a parallelogram; it is set at such an acute return angle, *towards* the blade, that it is a wonder how anyone can manipulate it without injuring his own feet. Yet the Japanese farmer, his wife, and his children do remarkably good work with this queer hoe.

Spades of various shapes and sizes are used in pretty much the same way as our workmen handle theirs. One type must surely have been introduced from Korea, where it has been constantly employed since the dawn of history. It is used in Japan only

when the soil has been allowed to lie fallow for some time and has been matted with a rank growth; it has a long and comparatively narrow blade set almost straight down from the handle, which has a foot-rest just above the blade and a short cross-bar at its upper end; the handle is five feet or more in length. To the handle, low down, are tied several ropes. One man drives the blade into the ground as far as he can, and then throws his whole weight to pull towards him; other men, or women as the case may be, tail onto the ropes and pull until a big lump of sod and soil is raised. There is no economy of labor in this or in any other phase of Japanese farming.

Harrows, not remarkably unlike our own, are used; although often, especially in the soft "paddy fields," a bush is considered sufficient. The sickle is usually much straighter in the blade than ours. The flail is decidedly primitive, but not altogether ineffective. The two sticks, instead of being joined by a thong, are held together by a pin, rigid in the handle, on which the striking arm revolves. By a dexterous movement the harvester imparts a rotary motion to the loose arm and delivers a blow without raising and swinging the flail as does the Western farmer. I have never seen a farmer on the main and southern islands use a wheelbarrow at all, or a wagon

as the latter is employed by our farmers to lighten the husbandman's toil.

From what has been written, it may be thought that Japan offers a field for the American manufacturer of farming implements and labor-saving machines; but it does not. The tiny fields, the narrow paths along the unstable dikes between them, and the methods generally, make it impossible to use any of the appliances that, in America, and Europe too, are considered necessary. The Japanese, following the lead of their Chinese teachers centuries ago, say there are five cereals which must be considered as the staples for a farmer to cultivate: rice, barley, wheat, millet, and beans. Perhaps some will take exception to calling the last a cereal, but I am not considering the American farmer's standards.

Rice, however, is so much more important than the rest that the crop far exceeds in volume those of all the others put together; for the other four are grown, in the south, during the winter, when the rice fields are lying fallow. Sometimes there may be a patch of ground which cannot be used for rice, or the ground may be too high to irrigate properly; then one of the minor crops will be grown always. Of course there are many fields in the mountain regions where rice is not to be thought of as a crop.

Rice growing is tremendously arduous labor, from preliminary preparation of the fields to delivering the threshed grain. The dates I give vary somewhat according to district and meteorological conditions, but not greatly, because all over the land the farmer is hidebound in his obedience to old customs. The winter crop, whatever it may have been, is scarcely cut in April before the fields are flooded to a depth of from two to five inches, and when the soil is soft it is plowed thoroughly. That "thoroughly," it must be borne in mind, is used relatively, for the Japanese farmer's methods, at their best, would hardly satisfy a *thorough* European or even a good American husbandman.

In June the seedlings are ready to be transplanted. They are most carefully pulled up by the roots and tied into bunches, of a couple of inches in diameter, which are scattered about over the field that is ready to be planted. This is one of the times when it is customary for neighbors to lend their assistance, so that the work may be finished quickly in all the fields belonging to the members of the same village community. Men, women, boys, and girls, all who are big enough to be trusted with this important duty, bare their legs up to the waist almost and step into the slimy ooze to set out the seedlings. It is, to the foreigner, a dirty job.

The people follow a certain order in this work, usually going backward in what soldiers call *en échelon*, I believe — one a little ahead of the next, in parallel lines — so that a rice field seems to be pretty regular. Each person takes a bunch of seedlings and sticks two or three sprouts into the soft, almost liquid mud at intervals of about a foot or so in both directions. After that the duty of the individual farmer, with the help of his own household, is to keep the weeds down, to give the needed water at the right moment, and then comes the hot summer during which, if Providence wills it to be so, the plants grow fast and strong. We in America know what a flood or a destructive hurricane — *typhoon*, Chinese *ta-fung*, literally “great wind” — means to the farmers of Japan: famine, pestilence, and absolute misery.

“What traveler in Japan will not recall, as the most characteristic feature of the summer landscape, those fields of vivid green, separated, checkerboard like, into squares which fill a gradually widening valley flanked by hills that rise abruptly, as if the whole had been cut out by the hand of man, as indeed it has through centuries of terracing?”¹

The two hundred and tenth and the two

¹Chamberlain, *op. cit.*

hundred and twentieth days from the beginning of *Risshun*, the first month of the old, lunar year, are very critical times for the rice crop, because just then the plant is in flower and the pollenization, upon which the formation of the grain depends absolutely, is taking place. A severe storm with heavy wind during those ten days is likely to spell ruin to the farmers. One of the very few things connected with modern science in which the Japanese farmer takes any interest is the reports of the Weather Bureau just before that two hundred and tenth day and until the two hundred and twentieth has been passed.

If all goes well, however, the crop has ripened by the middle or latter part of September, or early in October if very far north, when all the water is drawn off the fields and the grain is allowed to mature. Then it is cut and the long stalks are hung on frames set up at the side of the fields. When sufficiently dry, threshing is done, either with the flails I have described or by drawing the heads through a great coarse comb having strong iron teeth. Winnowing is done, usually, by pouring the grain from a shallow straw basket held high above the head and letting the wind blow away the chaff. But here I must, in justice to the Japanese farmer, say that one does occasionally see a

proper winnowing machine used in localities that are declared to be "progressive" because of their contact with modern civilization. The grain is then packed in straw bags, each supposed to contain a *koku*, which are carried on the shoulder of man or woman to the village. The community crop is now loaded on carts drawn by an ox and carried off to market.

Many writers have stated that Japan produces two rice crops a year. This is a great mistake, if meant to be applied generally. In certain small sections of the province of Tosa, on the southern coast of the island of Shikoku, two crops are *sometimes* garnered in twelve months; but this is because the warm, moist air from the "Japan Gulf Stream," the *Kuro-shiwo*, literally "black current," makes it possible. In all other parts of the country, even southern Kyushu, the length and severity of the winter quite forbid such double crops of rice.

We are accustomed to think of the Japanese as "living upon rice," and my readers will probably be much astonished when I say that about one half of the population of that country rarely eat rice. That one half represents the very farmers who grow the cereal. Japanese rice is so good, is so highly esteemed by the wealthier natives

who can afford to use it, and commands such a high price in the East, that the farmer has to sell all his crop. Are not our Japanese neighbors, in this respect, very much like some of our own farmers, substituting for rice something else? I know dairy farmers who rarely use butter. If the average price for Japanese rice per *koku* is now twenty *yen* in the home markets, it is safe to say the best imported rice, from Rangoon or Bangkok, is selling for six to eight *yen*. The farmer, therefore, cannot afford to eat his own rice, and he *will* not eat the imported because he does not like its flavor; and I do not much blame him. He sells his whole crop and gets along on wheat, barley, and especially millet. Rice is a luxury which is reveled in only on high days and holidays, or it is looked upon as a delicacy to be reserved exclusively for the invalids. Professor Chamberlain tells us that he once heard an old woman in a country village exclaim to another, with an ominous shake of the head: "What! do you mean to say that it has come to having to give her rice?" Meaning that the patient's condition must be wellnigh hopeless if she had to be nourished on such expensive food; and I myself have heard very much the same thing at various times.

The Japanese farmer is dreadfully super-

stitious. His world is filled with spirits, and most of them are not very good, kind, and considerate ones either. In the late spring when the rice fields are being prepared, and especially on the dikes surrounding the seed plots, there will be seen strips of white paper fastened to short sticks. On the paper is written a charm, for which the farmer has paid, measured by his means, a big price to a priest or a magician. The powerful words are almost always intended to please, placate, the spirits whose influence is known to be bad; the charm rarely seeks the aid of the good spirits, who are assumed to be unable or unwilling to work mischief.

I suppose that most of the Japanese farmers could tell, if they were asked, the year, month, and day according to the present calendar; but that is not the way *they* reckon time. They observe the modern New Year's holidays and some other of the new-style anniversaries, but in their heart of hearts they still believe that the new year does not begin until the moon determines it. With them it is the lunar calendar which governs every act; they must observe scrupulously the times and dates which were set apart in ancient days. They sow the seed rice on *Hachi-ju-hachi-ya*, literally "the eighty-eighth day," that is, from the beginning of *Risshun*, spring of the lunar calendar.

That old calendar was commendable for one thing certainly: with it winter was actually the fourth, the last season of the year; the new year began on the first day of spring. The absurd necessity for inserting a whole extra "moon" every three years, as had to be done to prevent the year getting into absolute confusion, does not seem to worry the conservative believer in the superiority of "the good old style." Whether the lunar New Year's Day comes in the last of January, or late in February, or at any other old time does not matter. It is the first day of spring, even if the snow is inches or feet deep and the weather bitterly cold. Winter garments must be discarded and spring clothes put on, be the consequences never so disastrous to the wearer. Even the most enlightened and advancedly civilized and modernized Japanese betray a trace of that old-time influence; because often the new garments which these wear on January first, and every Japanese who wears the native costume that day *does* try to have a suit of new clothes, are much more appropriate to the mild weather of spring than they are adapted to keeping out winter's chilly blasts.

To return to the farmers. They transplant the rice during *Nyubai*, the period when, according to that same lunar calendar,

the early summer rains should come; and they generally do, because from the first of April to the thirty-first of July nearly every other day is rainy. *Nihyakutoka*, and *Nihyakuhat-suka*, the two hundred and tenth and two hundred and twentieth days which have been mentioned, as well as *Hassaku*, literally "eight-first," or the first day of the eighth moon, lunar calendar, are marked by prayers to the spirits that watch over the fields, both those who would injure and those who would preserve, and to the gods of wind, thunder, and rain.

But may we always laugh at the superstitions of our Japanese neighbors? Are there not a good many people in this country, as well as in England, who dislike to see the rain fall on St. Swithin's Day, July fifteenth, not to put it more strongly? The Japanese go us a little better in this superstition about rainfall on a certain day being a sign of continued wet weather, for their equivalent of St. Swithin's Day — they call it *Ki-no-E Ne*, literally, "wood-elder-brother Rat" (it has to do with their cycle of sixty years, but I have no space to describe that) — comes round about every two months. If it rains on that day it will rain for the whole term, sixty days, without stopping. Again, if it rains on the first day of a certain period called *Hassen*, literally "eight times," of

which there are six in every year, it will rain on the seven following days. These periods, being movable, may come at any time.

I really believe there are very few Japanese in any walk of life who honestly do not mind meeting a fox or a badger in the evening or at night, but the farmers to a man believe firmly that the former can take possession of them and work all manner of mischief that would outdo the evil worked by the most powerful witch; while the latter, if he does not actually lend himself to demoniacal possession, is likely to play all manner of practical jokes upon them.

I have so far been speaking of the farmers who live in the older parts of Japan, where customs are influenced almost wholly by traditions of the past. When we turn to the northern island, the official name is *Hokkaido*, that is—"northern-sea-circuit," or Yezo, as most Americans and Europeans continue to call it—we find conditions very different. The Japanese themselves knew practically nothing about this important possession until about three hundred years ago, and they did not give much attention to it, so that there were really no farmers there until after the middle of the nineteenth century. Shortly before the opening of Japan in 1853-4 the Russians had tried to get hold of Yezo, but the prompt develop-

ment of Japan after intercourse with the rest of the world had been established put a stop to this one of Russia's attempts to steal something in the Far East.

In 1869 the Japanese government created what was called the *Kaitakushi*, that is, the colonial office for the development of the Hokkaido. Through personal and official influence General Horace Capron, an American, was engaged to be the foreign director of this bureau. He took with him to Japan a staff of competent instructors in every branch of husbandry, stock raising, forestry, etc., and a number of practical men whose knowledge was entirely adequate. Had the instruction of these Americans been carefully heeded, and had they been faithfully supported by the Japanese government, there is little doubt that the development of the Hokkaido would have been very great and along the most desirable economic lines. As it is, the influence of what little they were permitted to do, because of official and officious interference, is yet to be seen, and every unprejudiced observer admits that it is good. Soil and climate are not much unlike those of the northern United States and the adjacent strip of Canada, so that farming might easily have been continuously prosecuted in the American fashion. To a certain extent it is done so now: the tiny

squares of the checkerboard are not so universally seen. In their stead there are broad fields of grain, improved farming machines and modern appliances are used, there are meadows wherein cattle and sheep graze, and there are many features which lead the American visitor to think that he is at home. The northern farmer in Japan is a very different person from his southern fellow laborer. He is not so hidebound in his respect for old customs, he is not so superstitious, and he is not unwilling to try an experiment, if there is a reasonable prospect of making money by it. Rice is just beginning to be cultivated in the southern parts of the Hokkaido, and it probably never will be a great crop, so that winter wheat, fruits (apples and berries from American seedlings), hay, etc., are the staples for that island.

The Japanese would say that the typical farmer has nothing to do with silk culture, and as they divide up such matters, they are pretty nearly correct. But it is a most important agricultural industry, and it cannot be considered in any other place than this. The silkworm, as I have already stated, is supposed to have been brought from Korea very early in the Christian era. It must have thrived, and the mulberry-tree evidently became promptly acclimatized; for as soon as the Japanese records begin to dis-

cuss these matters, even though the history may be unreliable, silk-raising was an important occupation. It was patronized by the court ladies from the empress down, imitating their Chinese cousins, and profitably pursued by many of the lower classes. It is, however, almost restricted to the central parts of the main island; in the south the humidity is too great, in the north the winter is too long and too severe. The export of silk is done mainly from Yokohama, a very little being shipped from Kobe; the value of the raw and manufactured silk sent abroad is over a hundred million *yen* a year. Two features of this silkworm-rearing industry, where it is successful, tends strongly to confirm the Japanese idea that it is not really something with which the typical farmer has much to do; they are the scrupulous cleanliness and quiet which it demands. A dirty house is fatal to the silkworm, a noisy one prevents its doing a full measure of work. Therefore, where agriculture and silk culture are combined in the same establishment, conditions must be very exceptional. The stranger who travels through the silk districts is struck by the cleanliness of the dwellings and their surroundings, by the neatness of the people, and the general appearance of thrift; the contrast with the average farming village is extraordinary.

Cotton was but little grown in Japan until 1570. By that time the Europeans had become familiar friends, and doubtless the natives got the word *Wata*, "cotton," from the Portuguese, because there is no true Japanese word for the plant or the fiber. I may say here that the word by which the Japanese designate sugar, that is, *Sato*, is not a native one; and this proves that the cane is not a native growth. In Japan proper, very little sugar cane is grown, although considerable sorghum, another exotic, is raised; but in Formosa, sugar is an important crop. South of the latitude of Sendai many farmers cultivate a little cotton, but nowhere in the land is there such a thing as a cotton plantation; and there could not be unless the more valuable rice were neglected. There are a number of agricultural industries that are incidental, tea, vegetable wax, lacquer, camphor, menthol, etc., that I should like to write about, but already this chapter is too long. In every one of these the rigid conservatism of the Japanese farmer has asserted itself, and every effort of competent foreigners to induce the native to change his ways has resulted in financial loss to the stranger, with rarely any improvement upon old-time methods.

CHAPTER X

THE FISHERMAN

I HAVE given this chapter to the fishermen of Japan, because I think they are a very important part of the populace, and I am sure they have not been written about so much as have many other classes of the Japanese people. Everyone who reads the newspapers knows so much about the modern soldiers and sailors of Japan's great army and formidable navy that it is quite unnecessary for me to say much. The artists, the lacquer workers, the bronze makers, the screen painters and embroiderers, the *geisha*, the cherry-blossom parties, the chrysanthemum exhibits, and the maple leaves have been described so fully by other writers who wielded their pens more skillfully than I can mine that it would be presumption for me to try to add anything to what they have told.

But Japan has one of the world's most famous fish markets, Nagasaki; and if this is so it indicates that catching fish is a great occupation in Japan; so I think something about this class of our Japanese neighbors

will be instructive, and I hope it may be found entertaining. The other two greatest fish markets are, first, Billingsgate, London; second, Sydney or Melbourne, Australia, I have forgotten just which. Nagasaki is, therefore, the third in importance; but in the variety of marine and fresh-water products that are offered for sale in the market there, I rather think the Japanese port would be a pretty strong rival of either or both the others, because the Japanese admit to their fish markets a great many things that you will never find in English or Australian markets.

Fulton Market, New York, is considered by us Americans to be a rather wonderful place for fish, shellfish, and all kindred articles of food, and no doubt the quantities handled there in a day would far exceed the sales in the similar market at Nagasaki. But quantity is not the only thing to be considered in measuring importance in this matter; variety has a great deal to do with it.

Other reasons for giving the Japanese fishermen a chapter all to themselves are their bravery, picturesqueness, and economic importance to their fellow countrymen. If the Japanese people were deprived of rice, millet, and fish, I do not know what they would do to keep themselves from prompt starvation. If rice or millet, instead of

bread, is the staff of life in Japan, fish is certainly a very strong crutch to help out the other two.

Long before the coast of Japan becomes distinct to the traveler on a steamer approaching from any direction, often before the land can be seen at all, because it is so very likely to be obscured by haze or clouds, fishermen in their small boats will be met far out at sea. It is simply wonderful how those boats ride safely over the great waves, for they are built in such a peculiar way as seems, to the strange observer, to make them quite unseaworthy.

If the steamer passes close enough to one of these fishing craft to enable the stranger to get a good look, it will be noticed that she has a bow something like that of the famous New England dory. This makes her lift easily to the sea and enables her to ride the waves safely. But the sides are low and so built that one wonders what keeps the craft from foundering. At the stern is an open well the full beam of the vessel; down through the middle of this stands the rudder, which is not hung on pintles, but moved bodily from side to side. This open well ought, so the ignorant foreigner thinks, to make foundering doubly sure; but it doesn't. In fact the whole construction and fitting of this remarkable

craft are opposed to every idea of naval architecture; yet these boats have served the Japanese fishermen for several centuries.

It is declared by Japanese historians that the peculiar stern of the Japanese sailing vessel was purposely devised and is the result of a law made by a Shogun long ago, intended to make ships of all kinds so unseaworthy as to forbid of long voyages away from the coast. Before that time Japanese vessels had gone far away from home, along the coast of Asia, to all the East Indies; and sometimes these expeditions had been the cause of diplomatic troubles, because the Japanese crews were rather too aggressive.

In order to keep the people at home and to complete, as far as possible, the isolation of the country, the edict was issued that all seagoing vessels should have that open well at the stern. It was expected that this would make the vessels so unseaworthy as to compel the mariners to stay at home. So far as the big trading junks were concerned the law was effective; for these ceased to make the overseas voyages, sometimes to Siam, Burma, and even to farther India. But the fishermen felt that they must go off shore for their spoils of the sea, and they managed to seem to comply with the government regulations and yet build such craft as could face the waves.

So now, at all seasons of the year, the fishing boats are seen far away from the shore. The fishermen do not seem to mind the strong, steady gales of winter, and I have often met them so far away from land and in such rough weather that when their little craft was quite near to the steamer, the hull and pretty nearly the whole of the mast would disappear in the trough of the sea. In winter too, although the wind may be blustery and the sea running high, the air is reasonably sure to be clear, and that is all the fishermen ask. Their instinct, or training, seems to tell them when it is time to run for shelter. But in summer there is danger of a typhoon, and frequently the thick fog shuts down so quickly that, if far away, the fishermen have much trouble to make their way back to harbor.

Now what do these offshore fishermen catch that makes it profitable for them to venture so far out to sea? A suggestion as to variety and quantity may be found in the fact that Professor J. J. Rein¹ gives eleven pages of his large book to a list of the nine orders and the immense number of species and varieties of fishes found in Japanese waters. The seas which surround the Japanese archipelago seem to be richer in fish than any other parts of the ocean,

¹ "Japan: Travel and Researches."

and as Professor Rein says, they appear "indeed to be inexhaustible, when we see how hundreds of thousands of persons have devoted themselves to fishing without producing any appreciable decrease in this extremely important source of nourishment, and when we remember that this state of things has continued for thousands of years."

From the Japanese standpoint for deciding as to delicacies for the palate, the most important fish that the deep-sea fisherman catches is the *Ebisu-tai*, the *tai* being the seabream. I am a little afraid the uneducated foreigners do not altogether share the Japanese enthusiasm for the rather dry, although firm and white, flesh of this ultimate delicacy in the fish course. The Japanese fishermen and the fishmongers pay great reverence to the god Ebisu, who is one of the *Shichi Fukujin*, literally "seven gods of luck." To Ebisu the *tai* is dedicated, because he is the patron deity of the fish market; and he is always represented in pictures and in carvings as bearing a great *tai* in his arms. This fish is served in every way that the cook's art can devise; but the one that I choose to mention, because of the startling effect produced, owes less to the cook's skill than to the adept carver. Before being cooked the *tai* is dark olive green in color, shading off into brown on the back

or grayish white on the belly; but it becomes the red of a boiled lobster or crab when it is cooked.

Sometimes slices of raw fish are served, and these are esteemed as a special dainty. My readers need not be shocked at this statement. Is it any more cannibalish to eat a bit of raw fish than it is to swallow a raw oyster? Very soon after I first settled down to live in Japan I was invited to a repast in purely Japanese style. It was given at a famous restaurant in Osaka, not far from the great castle built by Hideyoshi. The whole of the upper floor had been reserved by our hosts, two Japanese army officers, and all the small rooms were thrown into one by removing the sliding panels (*fusuma*), which ordinarily did duty as partition walls.

After the preliminaries of *competto* — the Italian *confetti* is easily recognized, for that is what they were, little sweets — a fish soup, and sundry other unimportant things, the landlady herself appeared at the far end of the great room and came slowly towards us bearing in her hands a large Imari-ware platter, garnished with greens on which lay a good-sized fish. It looked like a *tai*, but it was not red, as I had been accustomed to seeing that fish served at meals.

When the landlady reached the circle of

guests, squatting down on the *zabuton* (cushions), she knelt, put the dish down, bumped her head on the mats, and spoke a long apology for the miserable little fish that was the only thing she could get in the wretched market, and which was entirely unfit to offer to her distinguished patrons; she was inexpressibly ashamed that eminent foreigners should be compelled to partake of anything so unworthy of them. Of course this was all palaver, according to the code of etiquette; for the fish was a big beauty and most effectively served. Our chief host made an appropriate reply, praising the fish and thanking the landlady for taking so much trouble; then he looked at me, and I added, what was literally true, that I had never before seen anything of the kind so fine. The landlady and all the waitresses, I am sure there were a dozen of them, bowed their thanks for these gracious words, and the feast proceeded.

Out of respect for foreigners' prejudices, yet quite contrary to Japanese rules of etiquette, which do not give *place aux dames*, the landlady then pushed the platter before her as she shuffled on her knees over the mats to the individual low table of one of the American ladies. She raised the skin from the shoulder of the fish, laid it back, and with a pair of new, wooden chopsticks

took up a thin slice of flesh, which she placed in a small saucer on madame's table. As she did so the fish moved its gills and tail, thus showing that the creature was still alive. The startled foreign woman gave a shriek which frightened the poor landlady nearly out of her wits, and nothing could induce her to touch the dainty *bonne bouche*. It took a lot of explanation and apology to allay the discomfiture of our hosts, who thought they had done a good deal more than the correct thing. The rest of us foreigners ate some of the slices and, with a little *shoyu* — Japanese sauce, which, by the way, is the basis of our famous Worcestershire when genuine — it was very palatable. Presently the live fish was taken away, promptly killed, and the remainder served, cooked, later in the feast.

It will be hardly interesting to tell about the many fishes in Japanese waters that are also common to our own. I will say that there are so many mackerel that the seas around the islands are called "the home of the mackerel." There are plenty of herrings and sardines, but the latter is not eaten by the better classes. Its oil is extracted in presses and the rest of the fish used as a fertilizer, as a visitor to the Hokkaido is sure to be told very plainly by his nose, if he goes north in summer.

A stranger is always puzzled to know why what he takes to be curious bits of wood, all of the same shape and about the same size, that look like pieces of mahogany, are offered for sale at fish shops. Upon inquiry he will be told that these are pieces of dried bonito or tunny fish. Immense quantities of these fish are caught, as a rule with hook and line, the flesh is cut up into these curiously shaped pieces, dried, and sold, mostly to the poorer people. When prepared for eating, the flesh is grated and often scattered over a bowl of rice. In all the fish markets, as well as by hawkers or costermongers, there are offered for sale the octopus, "devil fish," of all sizes, and its flesh is considered a great dainty. There are, too, curiously and hideously shaped frog-fish, and all sorts of "grunters," fish that, when taken from the water, extend their great breast fins and produce uncouth, grunting sounds.

One of the greatest delicacies with the Japanese epicure is the fish called *Funa*; we have no English name for it, so I give its scientific, Latin one, *Carassius auratus*; but it is a very dangerous dainty. The shape is something like that of the universal favorite, the *tai*, or seabream, and the flesh is firm and white. The danger lurks in the blood only; and it is said that if the least

particle of blood or of a blood vessel or vein is left in the fish, it is so poisonous that no effective antidote has yet been discovered. This fish is a specialty with some of the "swell" restaurants at the port of Shimonoseki, for it is caught in the waters near that place, and not anywhere else in numbers, I believe. Shimonoseki is just at the western end of the Inland Sea, and passengers from Korea or those going to that country must take here a train for the eastern parts of Japan or a steamer for Fusan. It is also a port of call for most of the steamers to and from Nagasaki and Shanghai; consequently it is a great "stopover" place, and many travelers lengthen their stay just to enjoy a "Funa feast," notwithstanding the great risk they run, and great numbers of *Funa* are eaten during the season, summer and autumn.

When one is drawing near the coast of Japan, or steaming along the shore in a summer night, often there will be seen in the distance hundreds and hundreds of lights in a group, lifting and falling and dancing about like a great swarm of fireflies. These are on a fleet of fishing boats that are, usually, after the mackerel, although sometimes it is the common herring which the fishermen are trying to capture in their nets. This is one of the many picturesque features

of the deep-sea fisherman's life. These fellows have learned well the "rule of the road," and when they are drifting with the tide and their nets are set they will not give way even to a big mail steamer. They must, of course, leave a fairway in the channel; but even this is sometimes blocked for a few minutes. As a steamer passes and almost brushes the side of one of these craft, there is always an exchange of greetings. Generally these are friendly, but occasionally, well, they are not quite in courtly language. Only too frequently the fishermen are careless about setting their "anchor" or "drifting" lights, and in the darkness the lookout on an approaching steamer sees nothing until there is a crash and the boat is cut down. I am sorry to say it, but sometimes when it is a Japanese steamer she passes on, because legally the crew are not responsible; but I think the officers of no foreign steamer would be quite so indifferent.

Besides those fishermen who go out to sea for their catch, there are thousands who are contented to remain on or close to the shore; for every lagoon and river mouth, unless the water has been defiled by city sewage or the waste from a mine or factory, is filled with fish or something that can be eaten. Probably it will be quite accurate to say that the Japanese fisherman often

combines the two forms, deep-sea fishing and shore fishing, in his life. In every fishing village there is a lofty perch — often it is a cupola on the top of the tallest building, the police station very likely — where a lookout is always stationed during the daytime of the proper season to watch for the approach of a school of fish: mackerel, herring, or whatever may be. Sometimes the village is backed by a high hill, which makes the best lookout station. As soon as the watchman gives the signal and indicates the position of the school and the direction it is going, crews of men jump into the two boats which have been drawn up on the beach, just above high-water mark, and in which a great seine, hundreds of yards long, has been carefully laid down. Other men, and women too, push these boats into the water, and away they go, side by side, in front of the school if possible. Often other, light boats are manned and put off ahead of the seine boats, going to either side of the school and beyond it. Some of the crews of these boats make a great noise, bumping their long sculls on the gunwale, or striking upon pots and pans, to drive the fish in the desired direction. When the seine boats have reached a position outside the school, they separate and each takes a wide, circular course towards the shore. As they go, the

seine is payed out rapidly and an effort is made to enclose the school. When the boats near the shore some of the crews jump overboard and carry the ends of the seine rope to the beach, back of which two rude windlasses have been placed some fifty yards apart. These are manned by men, boys, women, and girls, who walk round and round singing a curious chantey, to mark the time, the time gradually quickening as the bag net in the middle of the seine comes to the shore. As soon as the bag is within reach all hands jump into the water, even if the surf is running high, and grasp it to prevent the escape of any of the catch. All too frequently this great effort results in nothing but a little ground prey; sometimes, of course, the bag net is filled to the breaking point. But whether lucky or unlucky, the fishermen display no great feeling and make their apparatus ready for the next haul. If it is decided by the village headman, who will always be an expert fisherman, even if he is retired from active service, to make another try immediately, the seine is again laid down in the boats and the whole operation is repeated. If it is concluded to be not worth while, the men go home leaving the women to spread out the seine to dry and to mend any breaks. The fisher people are very careful with these great seines, and

well they may be, for even when made at home one costs several hundred dollars. As the farmer rarely eats the rice which he garners after expending all his time and strength on its cultivation, but contents himself — and his household must be content — with millet or wheat or barley, so the fisherman never thinks of eating the best of his catch. That must be shipped off to the nearest city or sent on ice to Tokyo, and he and his family put up with the groundlings or whatever is unmarketable. Immense quantities of small whitebait are caught in the bag net of the great seines or in fine hand nets that are used for the express purpose. The smaller of these whitebait, minnows, etc., are spread on racks made of rice or wheat straw and dried in bulk; the larger are skewered on slender wooden pins or straws before being dried, and when ready for market are in little square plaques. The fisherman's life is a hard one everywhere — Japan is not any worse off in this respect than other countries — and yet in allegiance to his occupation there is an hereditary feeling with this man that is quite as conspicuous as is the farmer's attachment to his fields. I have met farmers in Japan who through thrift and good judgment have amassed a fortune; I think I never met a retired fisherman who had more than enough

to keep him from starvation. Indeed the majority of superannuated fishermen in Japan could not do that if it were not for their children who take care of them.

It would be impossible for the Japanese fishermen to excel in superstition their farmer neighbors, yet they are, I imagine, quite their equals. Having all my life known so much about traveling by sea, and having met so many sailors in various parts of the world, I suspect I am a little more lenient towards the queer beliefs of those who go down to the sea in ships than I may be towards those of landsmen. Therefore I felt very little inclination to laugh when I saw a fisherman go to a shrine in his village, wash his hands and rinse his mouth with pure water, to make himself clean before praying to the deity; then pull the cord attached to the bell, quite like a gigantic sleigh bell, only it was *all* wood, that hung from the front beam of the little building, in order to attract the god's attention; then strike the palms of his hands together as another call, as well as to let the deity know it was a human being who was about to make a petition. What he said I did not hear, but I know he was asking for a big draught of fishes, and I am sure he was not entirely selfish in his prayer. I chose to believe that wife and children were remembered in his

orison as likely to share his good fortune if the god favored him; and as he trudged down to the beach, I could but wish that his prayer might be granted. Then it would, I believe, appeal to any human being to see a Japanese fisherman's wife go to the shore and throw a handful of parched beans into the angry surf; or to a Shinto shrine or Buddhist temple when a howling tempest had suddenly burst over sea and land before the fishing fleet could make harbor. If her prayer for the safety of her man was emphasized by some curious act of superstition, the pathos was not destroyed thereby.

Of course there are with the Japanese fishermen lucky and unlucky days, both communal and individual. On the former he puts out to sea and he sets his nets with great confidence; on the latter he will not leave his home, no matter how fair and promising may be the weather: and the one time that his confidence is rewarded offsets a dozen when it went unrequited. But is not that the way all the world over? Even with the most serious Christian, is it not the *answered* prayer which is remembered more than the many which seem to go unnoticed?

The moon superstitions, which the Japanese fisherman shares with his fellows in all parts of the world, are not absolutely without foundation in fact; for the influence of the

moon upon the tides of the sea is a demonstrated fact, and her light sometimes makes the fisherman's efforts successful, while it mars them at others. But the Japanese is more superstitious about the moon in certain months, her position in the heavens, and her shape than are Europeans.

Ebisu is not the only deity who is a special favorite with the Japanese fisherman. In their turn probably all the pantheon are propitiated by some or the other communities. I should not dare to say how many thousands of deities there are. But *Kwan-non*, the thousand-handed goddess of mercy — she has only forty arms, however — is a beloved protector of the fishing folk. On a low hill above the Tokaido Railway, between Hamamatsu and Nagoya, there is a tall bronze figure of this goddess looking towards the east. Some say she is doing reverence to the mightier goddess, *Amaterasu*, of the sun, as she comes up from beyond Fuji, barely visible from that point. But the fishermen all along the coast — and the railway skirts the sea — will tell you that this *Kwannon* is guarding the sea for their benefit and watching over themselves as they go about their work.

In conservatism, too, the Japanese fisherman is, perhaps, a little ahead of his farmer friend. Along the whole coast, in the fishing

villages, there are to be seen more men whose hair is dressed in the old fashion, *mage*, which has been described, than in any other part of the empire; and in those communities are to be seen many women who follow another very curious old custom. It was a rule for a woman, no matter what her age, as soon as she was married, to blacken her teeth with a mixture of iron rust, soot, vinegar, and powdered gallnuts. It was a fairly permanent stain; but the woman renewed it as soon as it began to wear off, and thus her teeth were always a shiny black. This custom was never broken by any class until the "Meiji civilization" was well established, although I believe the staining was never compelled by any law or edict. So universal was the custom, however, that many of the disreputable women, who of course were *not* married, adopted it to give themselves an appearance of respectability. No one has ever given a satisfactory reason *why* this singular custom was followed; the statement that it was done in order to make the woman lose her attractiveness, now that her position and dignity as a married woman were assured, never seemed sufficient and we have to fall back on the "old custom" theory.

Another custom, whose original reason is lost in the obscurity of the far-away past, is still preserved more among the fisherwomen

than by any others; this is for the married woman to shave off her eyebrows. It is not an uncommon thing to see a woman in any part of Japan whose head is shaved entirely. This is a sign that she has been so unfortunate as to lose her husband by death, and has vowed to remain a widow. Among the fisherfolk this custom is followed more generally than elsewhere. Of course I do not include the Buddhist nuns, whose heads are always shaved; their garb identifies them. Yet even among the fisher people these old customs are rapidly disappearing. The Japanese fishermen's language is another matter that seems to distinguish them from the rest. I do not mean their technical terms and local names, but their ordinary conversation. Very few foreigners, even those who speak good Japanese, can understand or make themselves understood until they have spent a summer in the village.

I think I have shown that the Japanese fisherman is a very important member of society and that he is an interesting subject for study; only, like all things Japanese, he is fast losing the picturesqueness which distinguished him. It is little wonder that the Japanese government has never found it necessary to resort to conscription to man the warships. With this enormous community of trained sailors to draw upon, the

attractions of pay, steady employment, opportunity to travel abroad, something that is the ambition of every Japanese, and the assurance of a pension, are sufficient to make the volunteers more numerous than are the requirements of the naval service.

CHAPTER XI

THE KOROPOKGURU AND THE "EARTH SPIDERS"

IN times so far back in the past that there is not a particle of information or even legend upon which to rest speculation as to just the period in this world's history when the ancestors of the present Japanese first made their way from the continent of Asia, or perhaps from the southern islands, the Philippines, or the more distant East Indies, or elsewhere, into the archipelago of Japan, they found a race of people already in possession of the land. This particular people, the Ainu, will be discussed in the next chapter. But there were unmistakable signs that other people had been living in the country before the Ainu came. Again, we do not know whence came the Ainu, and of course we know nothing of their predecessors.

Yet it is of those same predecessors of the Ainu of whom I intend to write in this chapter. We cannot possibly *know* anything about them; indeed we do not even *know* that there ever were such human beings. Therefore I have to admit that this chapter

is almost wholly mythical, and yet I hope it will not be declared totally uninteresting, for fables are sometimes entertaining. It is not altogether safe to connect the *Koropokguru* with the earthly beings who were mentioned in the first chapter, the parents of the girl who was rescued from the dreadful serpent.

We have to depend upon the *Kojiki* and the *Nihongi* for the myths which seem to refer to those earliest inhabitants of the Land of the Rising Sun. I shall use for my purpose Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain's translation of the *Kojiki*. What is said of the "Earth Spiders," or "Pit-dwellers," *Tsuchigumo*, in Mr. W. G. Aston's translation of the *Nihongi* leads us to suppose that they were merely Japanese outlaws, "who defiled the imperial authority." This may be true of course, but since the passages of both *Kojiki* and *Nihongi* which mention these *Tsuchigumo* belong to the highly legendary period of Japanese history, and because those people appear to have been predecessors of the Ainu, I am rather inclined to think they were hardly Japanese. The other allusions to *Tsuchigumo* in the *Nihongi* are about the same as what is said in the older book.

In the *Kojiki* we read that the deity Wondrous-Eight-Spirits, *Kushi-ya-tama-no-*

kami, turned himself into a cormorant, went down to the bottom of the sea, took in his mouth red earth from the bottom, made eighty heavenly platters, and cutting seaweed stalks, made a fire-drill mortar and then made a fire-drill pestle out of stalks of *komo*, wild rice (?), and drilled out fire, saying: "This fire which I have drilled will I burn until, in the Plain of High Heaven, the soot on the heavenly new lattice of the gable of His Augustness the Wondrous-Divine-Producer-the-August-Ancestor, *Kamu-musu-bi-mi-oya-no-kami* hang down eight hand-breadths; and as for what is below the earth, I will bake down to the nethermost rock-bottom, and — the fishing sailors, who spread their thousand-fathom ropes of paper-mulberry and angle, having with many shouts drawn in and landed the large-mouthed small-finned perch — I will offer up the heavenly true fish-food so that the split bamboos bend."

Now the "fishing sailors" were not included among the great number of deities, so they must have been ordinary human beings, aboriginal inhabitants we may say. When the time came for the first earthly Mikado, Jimmu, to appear in Japanese mythology, the two deities, His Augustness *Kamu-Yamato-ihare-biko* — that is, Jimmu — and his elder brother, His Augustness

Itsu-se, dwelling in the palace of Takachiho, took counsel together, saying: "By dwelling in what place shall we most quietly carry on the government of the empire? It were probably best to go east." So they started forth, and when they arrived at a place called Usa in the land of Toyo, two natives, the Prince and Princess of Usa, built for them a palace supported upon a single pillar. Probably the column stood in the water, so that the palace overhung a stream of water, for this is a favorite way of building. The prince and princess gave their distinguished visitors a great banquet and entertained them magnificently for a year.

Then the two deities continued their journey towards the east until they came to a swiftly flowing current of the sea, where they met a person sitting on the upper shell of an enormous tortoise which he was using as a boat. He came sailing towards the deities and waved his sleeve as a greeting, whereupon they called him to them and he obeyed. Then this human being (?) agreed to pilot the two, with all their followers, by "the sea-path" still farther east. Now there is no way for us to identify that "swiftly flowing current," but I suspect it means the channel, Naruto, between the islands of Awaji and Shikoku, where the rush of the sea, at the turn of the tide, is one of the

grandest sights in Japan; and the best time to see this bore is towards the end of March or early in April, when the spring tides are highest. I must interrupt my story to say that another great sight at Naruto is the immense number of *tsuru*, the great white crane, with red crown, black tail-feathers, and black upper neck, that is such a familiar object in Japanese art. It was, and in a way it still is, sacred among the Japanese; but since the protection of imperial command was withdrawn, this bird is rapidly disappearing, and Naruto is one of the very few places where many wild ones are to be seen.

If my surmise as to "the swiftly flowing current" is correct, then "the sea-path" must have been the channel east of Awaji and the Bay of Osaka, and there is much evidence to confirm this. As they sailed or sculled along they had a great seafight with some earthly people, and Itsu-se was wounded unto death. It seems rather inconsistent that a divinity should succumb to a wound inflicted by the arrow of a mortal; but that is what happened to Itsu-se, whose august hand was pierced by a hurtful arrow. However, consistency is something with which the compilers of *Kojiki* and *Nihongi* did not trouble themselves very much.

Kamu-Yamato-ihare-biko, or Mikado Jimmu, then changed his course and went out into the Kii channel, and came at last to the country of Kumano, where he met many more earthly beings. He arrived at last at the great cave of Osaka, in no way to be connected with the modern city of that name, wherein were many *Tsuchi-gumo*, or *Tsuchi-gomori*, "Earth Spiders," or "Earth Hiders," with tails. If these creatures are not to be considered the same as the *Koropokguru*, there was not much difference between them, and I do not admit that I display ignorance if I seem to mix up myths that are all without reason.

In this cave there were eighty bravoos, bandits or robber chiefs, awaiting Jimmu. "So the august son of the Heavenly Deity commanded that a banquet be bestowed on the eighty braves. Thereupon he set eighty butlers, one for each of the eighty bravoos, and girded each of them with a sword, and instructed the butlers, saying: 'When ye hear me sing, cut them down simultaneously.' So the song by which he made clear to them to set about smiting the earth spiders said: 'Into the great cave of Osaka people have entered in abundance, and are there. Though people have entered in abundance, and are there, the children of the augustly powerful warriors will smite and finish them with

their mallet-headed swords, their stone-mallet swords: the children of the augustly powerful warriors, with their mallet-headed swords, their stone-mallet swords, would now do well to smite.' Having thus sung, they drew their swords and simultaneously smote them to death."

After that, when Jimmu determined to go back to the Prince of Tomi, who had opposed him before and caused the death of his august brother, he sang thus: "The children of the augustly powerful army will smite and finish the one stem of smelly chive in the millet field — the stem of its root, both its root and shoots." The chive, or small wild onion, is the *tare* growing amongst the good grain, the millet, which Jimmu's followers had planted for their sustenance as they were carrying out their campaign of possessing themselves of the land. The simile is of course that the Prince of Tomi and his people, the *tares*, are to be destroyed, root and branch, and driven from the land which is to produce only the millet of Jimmu and his host. Again Jimmu sang: "The ginger, which the children of the augustly powerful army planted near the hedge, resounds in the mouth. I shall not forget it. I will smite and finish." That is, he cannot forget the bitter sorrow which his brother's death aroused; he will be avenged. Yet

once more Jimmu sang: "Like the tiny conch-shells creeping round the great rock in the sea of Ise, on which blows the divine wind, so will we creep round, and smite and finish them." The meaning of this is quite clear. Jimmu and his followers fell upon the inhabitants, and the chiefs of a district, Shiki, in the province of Yamato, were slain; but the battle must have been a severe one, for when it was ended, "the august army was temporarily exhausted." Then Jimmu sang: "As we fight, placing our shields in a row, going and watching from between the trees on Mount Inasa, oh! we are famished. Ye keepers of cormorants, the birds of the island, come now to our rescue!" Catching fish with cormorants is still practised in some parts of Japan, particularly along the Kiso River, north of Nagoya. A soft collar is put round the neck to prevent the birds from swallowing their prey; this must, however, be removed for every third or fourth fish, or the cormorants refuse to work.

From all this it seems to be very clear that the islands of Japan were already occupied by human beings when the ancestors of those who now call themselves true Japanese first arrived. If, however, the claim which is made by some, that *all* the inhabitants of Japan were descended from the gods, is even

conditionally recognized, it is clear that some turned from the right path very soon after they became settled in the new world. The Japanese themselves, with but a few brilliant exceptions, do not appear to realize how amusingly inconsistent they are about this matter, and how ridiculous is their claim that they are a divine race, quite different from all the other inhabitants of this earth.

Jimmu having thus subdued and pacified the savage deities, or the barbarous inhabitants, the rulers of the "Earth Spiders," and killed all who would not submit to his authority, the divine Japanese began to intermarry with the earthly creatures, and Mikado Jimmu dwelt in the palace of Kashiwabara. This place is now an insignificant village on the railway from Osaka to Nara, ten miles from the former city. It is in the province of Yamato, with which is connected so much of the Jimmu Tenno myth. The village is usually declared to be the very first of the historic capitals of Japan, as must be the case if it is to be associated with Jimmu, the first human sovereign; but the assumption is not based upon a very solid foundation.

In order that I may not be charged with entire ignorance of the difference between these *Tsuchi-gumo* or *Tsuchi-gomori*, and the *Koropokguru*, because I seem to put all

together, although I think that is just where they belong, I ought to give the little information which anybody has. As the first names are true Japanese and mean "Earth Spiders" or "Earth Hiders," and the third is taken from the Ainu phrase *Koropok-un-guru*, meaning "those who dwell below" (the surface of the ground), it will be admitted that, after all, they were pretty much the same thing.

The southern savages, whom the earliest Japanese encountered, are said to have been of fairly good stature, about as tall and as strong as the Japanese themselves—the average height of the Japanese men is only about five feet three or four inches—while the northern ones are declared to have been mere pygmies: but that is all pure speculation.

I have already given about all the information concerning the "Earth Spiders" that is to be found in the *Kojiki*, and I shall now add a little taken from Mr. Ashton's translation of the *Nihongi*. The *Tsuchi-gumo* are mentioned on four or five pages of that work and on one page of the *Kojiki*. The old books lead us to think that the compilers wished their readers to believe the *Tsuchi-gumo* were usually, although not inevitably, outlaws who defied the authority of the Japanese rulers. They are always

mentioned by Japanese names, which is a little bit of fiction and means nothing except that the myths upon which the Record and Chronicles are based gave no information as to the language of the savages. Two of the names given those aborigines are quite descriptive of a certain kind of Japanese spider which has the habit of hiding in the ground, and we all know that generally the spider tries to keep itself out of sight until just the right moment for it to appear and attack.

The Mikado Keiko — truth compels me to say that he is altogether a fictitious character, for he is declared to have reigned from 71 to 130 A.D. — while on an expedition to conquer some wild or rebellious people who were living west of his capital in Yamato, came to a village where there was an Amazon ruler. She is given the purely Japanese name and title of *Haya-tsu-hime*; that is, "Princess Hayatsu." She went out to meet the imperial cart and addressed the Mikado thus: "In this mountain there is a great cavern called the Rat's Cave. There are two *Tsuchi-gumo* who dwell in this cave. One is called *Awo* ["green" or "blue"] and the other *Shira* ["white"]. Again at Negino, in the district of Nawori, there are three *Tsuchi-gumo*. The name of the first is *Uchi-zaru* ["strike monkey"], of the second

Yata ["eight fields"], and of the third *Kunimaro* ["country-fellow"]. These five men are alike mighty of frame, and moreover have numerous followers. They all say they will not obey the imperial command. If their coming is insisted on, they will raise an army and offer resistance."

This interrupted the Mikado's journey and he caused a temporary *muro* (cave dwelling) to be prepared. Then he selected his bravest warriors and armed them with mallet-like weapons made from the wood of camelia trees. The soldiers attacked and defeated one band of the *Tsuchi-gumo* until the blood flowed ankle-deep. "Therefore the men of that day called the place where the camelia mallets were made *Tsubaki-no-ichi* ["Camelia Market"], and the place where the blood flowed *Chida* ["blood-field"]." The Mikado was compelled to retreat before the effective defense and counter assault of the rest of the *Tsuchi-gumo*, and on a riverbank he performed magic rites which caused consternation among his opponents. He defeated *Yata*, and *Uchi-zaru* offered to submit; but this was refused and the chief, with all his followers, killed himself. Before the Mikado began these attacks he made a station on the great moor of *Kashihawo*, a kind of oak. "On this moor there was a stone six

feet in length, three feet in breadth, and one foot five inches in thickness. The Mikado prayed, saying: 'If we are to succeed in destroying the *Tsuchi-gumo* when we kick this stone, may we make it mount up like a Kashiha leaf.' Accordingly he kicked it, upon which, like a Kashiha leaf, it arose to the Great Void. Therefore that stone was called *Hom-ishi*, or *fumi-ishi*, kicking stone."

Later the Mikado was overtaken by darkness while still on the sea far from land, and his sailors did not know how to reach a harbor. Presently they saw the light of a fire and sailed towards it. Upon landing they asked the name of the place and were told it was the village of Toyomura, in the district of Yatsushiro, province of Higo, on the island Kyushu. The fire proved to be a small volcano, so the name of *Hi-no-kuni*, "Land of Fire," was given to the place. Near that village the Mikado killed another *Tsuchi-gumo*.

Now all these geographical names show clearly that the story is largely what we call a "fake"; that is, it was written when the empire of Japan of the early eighth century — and that was by no means the same as the country with which Europeans made their first acquaintance about the middle of the sixteenth century — had been divided into provinces, districts, cities, and villages.

It is impossible that, in the time when Mikado Keiko is said to have reigned and conquered the savages or outlaws of the west, these Japanese place-names could have been used.

If, too, the native chroniclers gave to the *Tsuchi-gumo* Japanese personal names, it was simply because they had no others to bestow upon the predecessors of their own people and were not clever enough to invent something that was non-Japanese. It does not necessarily mean, because those savages are made to bear Japanese names, that these "Earth Hiders" were bad Japanese who had run away from authority and established government, thus making outlaws of themselves.

Ever since I first went to Japan to live, in 1886, and had an opportunity to look into the subject, I have felt quite sure that the early Japanese — they called themselves the "people of Yamato" — looked upon the *Tsuchi-gumo* or *Tsuchi-gomori* as being very different from themselves; and this opinion has been confirmed by Dr. Neil Gordon Munro, who has made the most thorough study of the peoples and customs of ancient Japan.¹

There are, in many places throughout central and southern Japan, hillside caves

¹ "Prehistoric Japan," 1908.

and excavations in level country which cannot be satisfactorily explained if we reject entirely the theory that the names *Tsuchi-gumo* and *Tsuchi-gomori* were descriptive. There is an old Japanese book — we should call it a study in archeology — which declares that *Tsuchi-gumo* was merely a nickname, meaning the same as our clodhopper; but this again, I think, is rather making the record to fit the case. If it is true that up to the present time no reliable evidence connects cave dwellings in Japan with that condition of human society which we call primitive culture, there is no satisfactory way to explain the existence of the caves, which have every appearance of having been used as human habitations. Nor can we satisfactorily explain why some of the very poorest people, especially among the *Eta*, who have already been mentioned, learned how to make and use such cave dwellings unless we assume that they did so from ancestors; and some of the *Eta* do so to this very day. I do not mean those caves which have been satisfactorily proved to be sepulchers, because of human bones, coffins, and other evidence found therein.

The time when the *muro* first began to be dug and used is one of the Japanese nuts which no archeologist will ever be able to crack so satisfactorily as to extract the

secret; the word cannot well mean anything but a cave or subterranean dwelling.

Other names which the early native historians use to designate the predecessors of the Japanese are *Yemishi* and *Yezo*. From the second comes the old name of the northern island; it was long ago discarded and *Hokkaido* substituted. The Japanese professed to look upon these creatures as being absolutely uncivilized. "Amongst these eastern savages the Yemishi are the most powerful. Their men and women live together promiscuously; there is no distinction of father and child. In winter they dwell in holes burrowed in the ground; in the summer they live in nests made in the trees. Their clothing is made from furs and they drink blood. Brothers are suspicious of one another. In ascending mountains they are like flying birds; in going through the grass they are like fleet quadrupeds. When a favour is done them they forget it, but if an injury is inflicted they never fail to revenge it; therefore they keep arrows in their topknots and they carry swords concealed in their clothing. Sometimes they draw together their fellows and make predatory incursions across the frontier. At other times they take the opportunity which the harvest offers to plunder the [Japanese] people. If attacked, they conceal

themselves in the herbage; if pursued they flee to the mountains. Therefore, ever since antiquity, they have not been steeped in the kingly influences." This speech, which is quoted from the *Kojiki*, has been condemned by both Japanese and foreign commentators and students, because it is so manifestly an attempt to "show off" the compilers' familiarity with Chinese classical literature. Nevertheless there are in it signs of some knowledge of the eastern savages, their habits and customs, which tend to confirm my opinion that the people who were in Japan before the Japanese arrived *did* live in pits or caves and had no dwellings above the surface of the ground. Although it is quite possible they climbed up into trees for their cooler summer habitations, yet a long acquaintance with Japan's climate leads me to doubt this, because until August the rain is always too frequent to make an arboreal bedchamber comfortable, even for a savage; and there is no reason to believe that the climate has changed much in two thousand years.

Those *Tsuchi-gumo*, whether they were southern, *Yemishi*, *Yezo*, or *Koropokguru*, were bold and brave warriors and could give the Japanese pretty nearly an equal fight, for this much is clear to us from what the native records tell us. It was the superior

weapons and the discipline of the invaders which conquered in the end, and when the "savages" were once subdued, the victors took every needed precaution to prevent those, whom they drove out of the best parts of the land, from improving their arms, learning anything of military tactics, or combining to regain what they had lost. We cannot help wondering where the invading Japanese gained their knowledge of war, and the fact that they seem to have had it from the very first day of their arrival makes us think that they must be related to the fierce and trained Mongol warriors of antiquity; that is, they probably came from the same stock or primitive branch of the human family.

I am sorry to say that the treatment of the conquered people was not always marked by that kindness of which the Japanese boast. Already there have been given some facts which justify this statement, and in the next chapter there will be further evidence of actual cruelty. The compilers of the *Kojiki* and the *Nihongi* try loyally to make out as good a case for their ancestors as possible; still we see that there were times when the Japanese did not come off victors in the battles they fought with the "Earth Spiders." The fact that the Japanese had to resort to treachery, which has been shown by the account of the

feast and the eighty butlers, indicates that had there been anything like equality in weapons there would be a different story to tell of the conquest of Japan than the one we have. When it happened that Yamato soldiers deserted and joined the aborigines, they were able, by their knowledge of weapons and tactics, to organize the savages so well that they were, man for man, quite as good as the Japanese. It should be remembered that, in spite of all that is claimed for the absolute loyalty of every Japanese who has ever lived, and for the impossibility of one of them drawing his sword against his sovereign, the early history of the country is said, by commentators, to show plainly that some did so. Either this or the theory that the *Tsuchi-gumo* were renegade Japanese must be abandoned.

CHAPTER XII

THE AINU

WHEN our august ancestors descended from heaven in a boat, they found upon this island several barbarous races, the fiercest of whom were the Ainu," says the *Kojiki*. The Japanese generally use the word *Aino* when speaking of these people; but that is a contemptuous term, meaning "mongrel" or "half-breed," and I am sorry to say that some English writers have adopted it. To the Japanese the word *Aino* conveys the idea of a creature half human, half beast, and accounts for the hairiness of the Ainu. If these people have an appearance of deep dejection and a servile manner, it is not surprising, for the Japanese, ever since prehistoric times, had treated them shamefully. Passing without comment the driving of them from their southern homes until the few thousands left had found places in the Hokkaido, for those are what some call "the chances of war" and "the survival of the fittest," I think there never was any excuse for such treatment as this: "Each official and person of the soldier class [among the Japanese] used, so the Ainu tell me, to

make every Ainu he met go down upon his hands and knees and polish his head upon the bare ground or thrust his nose into the very dust before him. If the downtrodden Ainu did not do this before these high and lofty ones, his head was nipped off in the twinkling of an eye.”¹ This sort of treatment continued for centuries; and it is within only the last twenty years that the Japanese government has treated the Ainu with some decent consideration.

These people are most noted for the wonderful growth of hair which they display, and they have very properly been called the hairiest people in the whole world. Men and women have a most luxuriant growth on the head. Formerly both men and women cut the hair behind in the shape of a quarter moon, the side locks being often allowed to reach to the shoulders, whilst the nape of the neck and the fore part of the crown were shaved. “There are no barbers, however, so the women do the shaving; that is to say, each woman looks after the appearance of her husband. This operation must have been difficult in very ancient times, and was probably performed by the aid of sharp stones. The Ainu now use Japanese razors.”²

¹ Rev. John Batchelor, “The Ainu of Japan.”

² Batchelor, *op. cit.*

I may add that it was the house mother's duty to see that the children's hair was properly cut and the head shaved. Nowadays so many Ainu have married Japanese women, and as most of the Ainu women have adopted the styles of the strangers, very few women are to be seen wearing their hair in the old fashion. The younger men are so much disposed to follow the Japanese, that is, the European, way of cutting the hair and brushing it, that one rarely sees any but a very old, conservative fellow with the queer crop and partially shaved crown.

The adult men have tremendously thick beards which they seldom cut at all, and their bodies, as well as their limbs, are often so hairy that they almost look like animals. An Ainu man's beard is his pride, and a beardless or shaven man is, in their opinion, something contemptible. Their salutation consists mainly in grasping one's own beard and drawing the hand slowly down to the end of the hair. So very important is this masculine appendage considered, that when missionaries of the Church of England, and these were the first to work among the Ainu, tried to teach the Christian religion, they found they commanded no respect until they allowed their beards to grow so that they might give the proper man's salutation.

When making a call, the visitor stops



A^N *Ainu*

outside the door and clears his throat; that answers for the ring of the bell. Usually someone comes to bid the stranger enter, or he is bade to come in; but if neither is done, he may enter and walk up the right-hand side of the hearth. The throat is again cleared and the visitor and host now rub their own hands together, drawing back first one hand and then the other in such a way as to allow the tips of the fingers to touch the palms alternately. After a lot of this formality and the invoking of heaven's blessings upon each other and everybody and everything connected with the other, the host calls a truce to ceremony and they proceed to converse.

The woman's salutation is very curious. I have witnessed it many times, but I shall borrow Mr. Batchelor's description. "They never, so far as I am aware, perform the ceremony to their own sex, but only to the men. On entering a hut the woman removes her head-dress and hangs it neatly over her left arm. She then brushes back the front locks of her hair and places the right hand over her mouth. All this is preliminary. When she sees that the man she desires to address has condescended to look at her, she draws the index finger of the right hand slowly along the palm of the left and up the arm to the shoulder; then from left to right

across the upper lip and close under the nose, ending by stroking and smoothing the locks of hair behind the ears. She then waits for an invitation to speak."

The women are, naturally, not so blessed by nature in the matter of hairy growth as are the men, save on the head. I do not know if a peculiar custom among the Ainu women owed its origin to a desire to make up for what nature had refused them or not; but certainly the manner of tattooing the upper lip and the corners of the mouth often gives to the woman the appearance of having a mustache very like the sharply curled up one which Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany has made so popular with military men in all parts of the world, as well as with those civilians who ape the soldiers.

This tattooing is so done that several Europeans, who professed to be ethnologists, have been completely and amusingly deceived, declaring seriously that Ainu women, even young maidens, have strong, bluish-black mustaches. The process is begun about the time the girl becomes a woman, and as it is rather painful, only a little is done at a time; therefore the decoration (?) is not completed until several years have passed, when there will be a design round the mouth, a stripe across the forehead, various patterns on the backs of the hands

— even the men *sometimes* have these — and occasionally a ring on a finger or two.

Soot, obtained by smoldering — that is, burning, but not as a bright, clear fire — birch bark under a pot, is rubbed into small cuts and *set* by washing with a decoction of ash bark. A woman, usually an old relative, is the artist. Not unfrequently the grandmother of a very young girl-child will begin the tattooing upon a mere baby and do a very little at one time, now on the upper lip, then on the lower, until the marks reach from ear to ear. The decoration of the forehead, arms, hands, and fingers is usually done after marriage; but there is no rule for this. So firm a grip has this fashion upon the Ainu women, that a few years ago a young girl who had been brought up in a European family and was supposed to have been weaned from this disfigurement appeared with the first lines of tattoo. Upon being remonstrated with she said: “All the other girls are tattooed and I felt lonely, not being as they!” The force of foreign argument and of Japanese example is having its effect and this custom is being discontinued.

The Ainu are not a very tall people, indeed they do not by some inches come up to our average standard, but they are sturdily built, have good proportions, admirably

shaped heads, and are in every physical way much more like Europeans than any other people of eastern Asia. If the men's heads appear at first glance to be disproportionately large, it is because of the fearful shock of hair. One truly remarkable characteristic of these curious people is an unusual flattening of the humerus — the bone of the arm from shoulder to elbow — and of the tibia — the shinbone, from knee to ankle. This peculiarity has been observed nowhere else in the world, except in the remains of some of the cavemen of Europe.

But whatever resemblance there may be to Europeans is counteracted by the dreadfully filthy habits of these Ainu; for as a custom the practise of bathing is altogether unknown to them. Nor does it ever occur to them to wash their face and hands, as do even savages in most other parts of the world, at least sometimes. The only times when the Ainu make even a pretense at washing themselves are as a preparation for a bear feast or a funeral. Then they give face and hands "a lick and a promise" which make the incrusted dirt more conspicuous by streaking it. I am telling of the Ainu as they were until recently; little by little they are changing, and perhaps they are becoming civilized. If they are yielding to the influence of outside teaching, the result

is disastrous in one way: formerly these people inhabited the whole of the main island of Japan and probably the southern ones, Shikoku and Kyushu, and must have numbered millions; at present the census returns give only some fifteen thousand Ainu, and I doubt very much if more than half that number are of unmixed blood.

By nature the Ainu are mild and amiable in their disposition, and I imagine it is these traits which have led so many Japanese women as have done so to accept Ainu husbands. The children by these marriages, of course, lessen the percentage of "pure Ainu." On the other hand the Ainu woman is such a strong, cheery, contented drudge that many Japanese immigrants have married them instead of going back home for their wives. By that marriage the woman ceases to be an Ainu and is registered as a Japanese. This tends to reduce still more the number of "pure Ainu."

Both sexes are much too fond of intoxicating liquors; but of course the men, exercising the right which superiority confers! do not share this pleasure evenly with their womenfolk. The only way that students have been able to learn about the Ainu of former times has been by listening to the stories told by the old men and women, who repeat tales which have been handed

down from generation to generation. If the Ainu knew anything about alcoholic liquor before they made the acquaintance of the Japanese, all record of it has disappeared, for there is no true Ainu word for wine, beer, or spirits. They use the Japanese word *sakè* and they sometimes call this rice beer *tonoto*, "official milk." Mr. Batchelor explains this by saying that in ancient times of barter the Japanese never gave the Ainu money; later, when the government of the northern island, to which the Ainu had been driven, was reorganized and Ainu worked for officials, they were usually paid with *sakè*. "Hence, I think it quite possible that the name *official milk* was given to this drink because they were expected to thrive upon it, as though it were milk or food."

The taste for this wretched stuff, which has the flavor of hock that has become stale and flat, or of a *very* poor sherry, has developed until fully ninety-five per cent of the Ainu are its slaves. Drunkenness with them is not disgraceful, it is a religious act! It is quite true that *sakè* drinking and libations of it to their deities are the most important features of their religion. In no other ways are the favors of a good god so sure to be secured or the mischief working tendencies of an evil spirit to be balked as by an offering of *sakè*. It is, however, sufficient that the

sakè be offered; the libation may be just a drop or two sprinkled on the ground, and then the rest may be drunk by devotees.

Scattered all over the central and northern parts of Hondo, the main island of Japan, are place-names which prove that formerly the Ainu were in possession of the whole land; and these names have been continued by the conquering Japanese. Even the name of Japan's most famous mountain, *Fuji*, is almost certainly not a Japanese word at all. The frantic efforts of some enthusiastic natives to connect their lovely, peerless Fuji with the Chinese classical literature may be set aside absolutely and laughed at as a bit of national vanity. There is no good reason whatever to believe that the word *Fuji* has any connection at all with the Chinese language. The word *may* come from the Ainu *huchi* or *fuchi*, their name for the Goddess of Fire; but that is not altogether likely, because the change of *huchi* to *fuchi* and then to *fuji* is quite contrary to all rules of such phonetic changes. Furthermore, a very strong reason for doubting that derivation is the fact that, because of the powerful influence of superstition, the Ainu do not like to give names to mountains: the summit reaches up so high that it may tell all sorts of tales to the spirits of the upper world. They do, however, carefully name

all rivers, and their word *fuji*, meaning "to push forth," may reasonably have been applied to the rapid, dangerous stream which bursts forth from the side of Mount Fuji and goes tumbling to the sea. The Japanese took the name Fuji and added to it *kawa*, which means "river," and thus derived a name for the stream, Fujikawa; the first part of that, Fuji, in course of time became transferred to the mountain itself.

There are, too, other traces of Ainu influence still to be detected in certain features of Japanese life and culture. One of these is, I think, found in what is claimed to be pure Shinto, that is the so-called true Japanese cult, almost but not precisely a religion: it has no set of dogmas, no sacred book, no moral code. The Ainu religion is the simplest form of nature worship. The sun, moon, wind, storm, ocean, rivers, many mountains, and a great host of other objects and attributes are deified and given the title of *Kamui*, "god." Is the fact that Shinto gods are called *Kami* merely an accidental resemblance?

The Ainu take sticks of soft, smooth-grained wood and cut fine, curling shavings, which are left attached to one end of the stick; then these *inao*, as sticks and shavings are called, are set up in honor of a god, the shavings hanging down from the upper end.

In Shinto worship a wand is set up and to it are fastened strips of white paper so cut and folded as to make a curious long pendant of squares alternately to right and left. These are called *gohei* and are "intended to represent the offerings of cloth which were anciently tied to branches of the cleyera tree at festival times"; but these *gohei* are suspiciously like the Ainu *inao*. The Japanese name for the cleyera tree is *Sakaki*, and in the accounts given of the late Mikado's funeral it figured conspicuously.

All the woodwork about a true Shinto temple, and the simple furniture, etc., should be of plain white natural wood, without a particle of stain or pigment; the colors which are now seen too frequently are a violation of the rules of *Pure Shinto*. In intimating that *possibly* Japanese *Shinto*, "the way of the gods," owes something to Ainu influence, I do not ignore the vehement declaration of Japanese that they are the originators and the Ainu the imitators; I simply say it is not proven.

As an ethnologist I have always been very fond of reading about primitive peoples, those who have not yet wholly lost the attractiveness of simplicity, the something which is always promptly damaged and then too often entirely destroyed by the influence of that which we call "civilization." I

like, too, when the opportunity is given, to study the history, manners, and customs of such peoples. These things are more interesting to me than are many of the really important features of our culture. I like the comforts and conveniences of modern life that are to be found among refined, educated, advanced peoples; I like to eat good things and like to see beautiful things; but the ways of advanced society do not appeal to me very strongly. Having these tastes, it was a real pleasure to spend the summer of 1887 among the Ainu on the island of Hokkaido (Yezo).

I was then teaching in a government college, and the Minister of Education gave me such letters of introduction as enabled me to see these primitive folk in rather exceptional circumstances. Very little had then been written about the Ainu, and I believe that the long article which I contributed to the *Popular Science Monthly*¹ was the first careful and thorough study of these people which had, up to that time, been given in English.

If anyone will look at a map of the Hokkaido, or Yezo, that is drawn on a fairly large scale, he will notice that from Volcano Bay eastward along the coast to the peninsula of Nemuro, and all along the north-

¹ Vols. XXXIII and XXXIV.

eastern coast of the island, there are many places whose names end with *betsu*, and that there are others having the termination *mai* or *nai*. These names indicate Ainu villages or settlements, and it was in a number of these places that I saw the Ainu truly at home.

At Piratori I found the largest number of Ainu gathered together in one settlement; but the place did not satisfy me so well as did some of the small communities — it was already getting to be too much “civilized” — and the so-called dances (processions and posturings) which the women performed upon payment of a small fee were just a little too theatrical.

At Kushiro there were innumerable relics of the Stone Age, and in the neighboring hills many pits which are considered to have been the dwelling places of the *Koropok-guru*. These pits are generally in groups which are called “camps,” and some of those camps have earthworks that may be described as rude forts. Whenever these old sites are occupied at all, it is by Ainu villages.

Not one of the hundreds of Ainu whom I met spoke a word of English, and only a few could talk Japanese well enough for me to understand them; but wherever there was no Ainu man or woman with whom I could

converse there was sure to be a policeman, or *gendarme*, or some petty Japanese official, who was always ready to act as my interpreter.

If it was a rough, hard, dirty trip on the whole, there were times when the scenery and environments made me forget the discomforts of the previous night and cease to dread those which were ahead. Some of the traveling was done in Japanese *basha*, a dreadful apology for an omnibus; if ever they had had springs, the spring had long been knocked out. Occasionally I climbed up into a pack saddle — a riding saddle could not have been procured for love or money; but the uncertainty as to just when my horse was going to bolt, or lie down, or do something else disconcerting, made this way of journeying not altogether satisfactory. Most of the time I walked, either along the beach or in lovely valleys just back of the sand dunes, and frequently the road was bordered by miles of lily-of-the-valley plants; but it was the wrong season for the blossoms. Yet there was little complaint to make on account of the absence of wild flowers. There were, too, frequent detours into the interior, away from the coast.

My enthusiasm in the cause of ethnology was never great enough to make me accept the hospitality which the Ainu continually

proffered; for they were always anxious for me to eat and sleep in their houses. I simply could not accept; it did not seem to me that even scientific investigation or anything else required me to put myself into the danger, although it was not more than the assaults of vermin, and the discomfort which one night in an Ainu hut seemed to show were inevitable. It was bad enough to put up with the discomforts of a Japanese inn, and I was glad that an English friend at Hakodate had insisted upon my taking with me a sleeping bag made of two sheets sewed tightly together on three sides, and a big box of Keating's insect powder; these kept away some of the fleas. Had I slept in an Ainu house, I am sure it would not have been fleas only that bothered me and accompanied me on my journey.

Yet some of the largest Ainu dwellings were not altogether unattractive in the daytime. All had high, steep, thickly thatched roofs, the overhanging eaves coming down to within four or five feet from the ground. There was always a detached storeroom, raised high above the ground on poles and reached by a rough ladder. This was necessary to keep grain, salt fish, and other food away from the damp ground and out of reach of thieving animals and insects. The entrance to the residence itself was, if possible, always

in the west, gable end, and protected by a small vestibule, that was also a storeroom for implements, weapons, nets, and all sorts of things. The door of the vestibule was always on the south side, not opposite the house entrance; so that in winter, when the outer door was opened, the wind and snow could not blow straight into the house. Of course the doors of which I speak are quite modern conveniences; in former times there was nothing of the kind. The inner entrance, that giving into the house proper, was sometimes closed by a bearskin hung across it in winter. Inside there was a long fireplace in the center, surrounded, except towards the entrance, by a platform about a foot and a half or two feet from the ground. On this the family lived, ate, and slept, the housewife serving the food direct from the pots which hung over the fire. On the beams were stored all manner of things, and from them were suspended clothing, etc. Back of the left-hand platform — the woman's side of the house — were usually some chests in which the choicest wearing apparel and the family treasures were kept under lock and key. The carved decoration on these chests was strikingly like what one sees on the totem posts in western North America, or the geometric designs of the Navajo Indians. This style of building, as

to its interior, reminded me very much of the Iroquois "Long House." Always, if possible, the platform towards the east was wider than the rest, and this was the place of honor, to which I was invariably conducted when I made a call. In the east wall there was always a small unglazed window, even if there were none in any other part of the house. Through this window the master of the house greets the rising sun, makes a libation to the deity of a few drops of Japanese *sakè*, and prays for himself and his family.

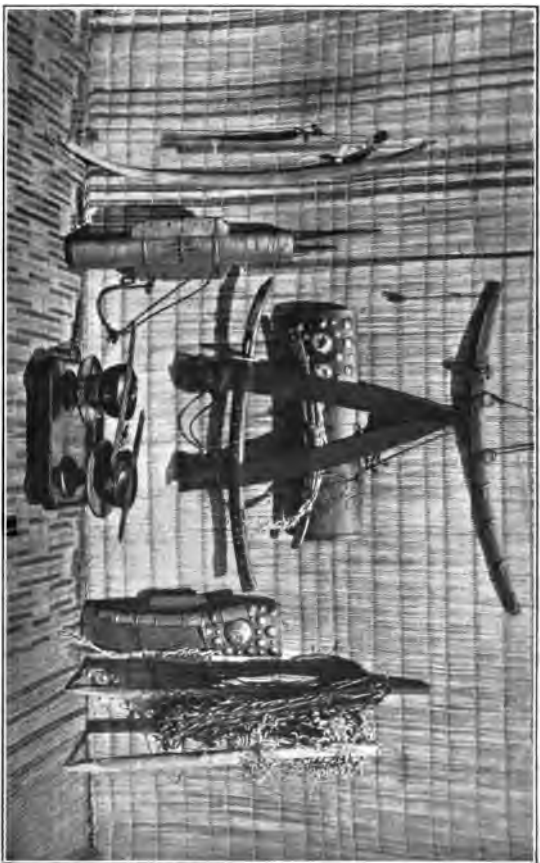
Once I took the trouble to get up some time before dawn to go to the house of an Ainu who spoke Japanese, in order that I might witness this ceremony of greeting the sun. I had taken the precaution the evening before to obtain the man's permission to do this, and had also provided a sufficient supply of *sakè* to furnish the libation, and to do a little more for the gratification of my host and his family. Stumbling, because hardly yet wide awake, along the rough road, I made my way to the Ainu's house shortly after half-past four, in order to be in plenty of time, and was warmly greeted in the Ainu fashion. Having at that time a short, full beard, I was able to return the salutation in a somewhat satisfactory manner.

As the sky reddened in the coming day-

break, the master of the house went to the east platform and threw open the shutter of the small window. He then took his mustache lifter in his right hand and a small cup of *sakè* in his left. This mustache lifter is a broad, flat stick, suggesting a paper cutter, usually, although not necessarily, decorated with rude carving in what I have said are patterns very like the Navajo designs. It is used to prevent even one drop of the precious liquor clinging to the mustache and thus being wasted.

Just as the sun rose up from the sea the man lifted the cup to his head and bowed to the deity, lowered the cup to his breast and murmured a prayer in which he besought the god to bless his household and himself, and thanking him for the good gifts of food and *sakè*. Then he dipped the end of his mustache lifter into the liquor and sprinkled a few drops out of the window towards the sun. After that he drank off what was left in the cup and then he and the other members of the household finished the bottle. Although urged to stay to breakfast, I declined with thanks, said goodbye, and returned to the inn.

Some time later I chanced to be at a ferry-house on the bank of a river just at the moment of the greatest obscuration of the sun during an almost total eclipse. I saw



ANU Belongings : Mustache Lifters on Wine-cups

an Ainu man bow and pray to the sun and then throw some water with an *inao*, just as we might dash water in the face of a person who had fainted. The idea was precisely the same: the sun had fainted and become black in the face and the man wished to do all in his power to revive the god.

A whole book might be filled with interesting and amusing stories that the Ainu tell. I shall close this long chapter with just one, "How there Comes to be a Man in the Moon." In ancient times there was a lad who was both disobedient and lazy. He did not like to obey either his father or mother, and he even disliked to fetch water. One day his mother told him to bring some water, but he sat idly by the fire, chopping at the edge of the platform. After being repeatedly told to go for the water, he got up sulkily and went out slowly. As he passed through the doorway he struck a doorpost and said: "Oh, you're a doorpost, so *you* don't have to draw water!" He got a bucket and a dipper and sauntered down to the river. There he saw a little fish swimming up stream and he said: "Humph! because you are a fish, you bony creature, *you* don't have to fetch water!" Then he saw a salmon trout and exclaimed: "You soft, flabby creature, *you* don't have to work, worse luck for me!" Presently he spied a big, autumn salmon

and greeted him with: "How d'ye do, how d'ye do, Mr. Salmon!" But the salmon seized the lazy lad and carried him off. The angry gods, to make an example of him, placed him in the moon as a warning to all people and to let children know that the commands of parents must be obeyed, whether they please or not. Take heed, all boys and girls!

CHAPTER XIII

THE LOOCHOOANS

BETWEEN Yakushima, the most southern of the islands which properly belong in the true Japanese archipelago, and the northeastern coast of the island of Formosa, there are several groups of other small islands which are called by various names: Loochoo, Luchu, Liukiu. The natives call their homes, collectively, *Dū-chū*; the Japanese give to the archipelago the name of *Ryū-kyū* the very few times that they do not use the designation *Okinawa-ken*, which is the official title of that political unit.

They are all coral islands, and because of their position they have a very mild climate. The soil is so fertile that where it is arable at all, the farmers are able to raise two crops of rice in one year. But the position of these islets has one very serious objection: they are right in the track of those terrific hurricanes, called typhoons, which sweep up the China Sea during the summer months; and often these typhoons do a great deal of damage in the unfortunate Loochoos.

These little islands are not in the route

which any line of steamers takes regularly in passing up and down between Hongkong and the ports of Japan; while the small amount of cargo, either import or export, is carried by the lines of Japanese coasting steamers, for which it is reserved as a strict monopoly. For these and other reasons the Loochoos are so far off the beaten tracks that tourists never by any possibility "stop over" as they are passing by.

Most people of America and Europe know that there are such islands somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, and a good deal of interesting information about them is to be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but even today a book written by Captain Basil Hall of the British Navy,¹ and published in 1818 is our chief authority on the subject. In 1894 Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain made a lengthy visit to these islands and published in the *Geographical Journal*² a full account of his experiences. Since then scarcely anything has been added to the literature on the subject of the Loochoo Islands. What I give is mainly taken from Professor Chamberlain's narrative, which is a most entertaining and instructive mingling of science and popular matter.

¹ "The Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West of Corea and Great Loo-choo, illustrated."

² April, May, June, 1895.

If we follow the definition of early history, then the Loochoo Islands began at the mouth of Kagoshima Gulf, Kyushu Island, southern Japan. But the Japanese government declares very positively that the northern half of the Loochoo archipelago was made a part of Japan centuries ago, and that the "Kingdom of Loochoo" meant only the island of Great Loochoo, with its immediate small neighbors, and that the islets south of it, towards Formosa, were not then supposed to be a part of that kingdom.

Taking Tanegashima to be the most northern of the Loochoo Islands, although this has always been given to Japan on the maps for fifty years past, we are at once rewarded with an interesting bit of history connected with it. This was the first Japanese soil ever trodden by a European. The Portuguese adventurer Mendez Pinto landed here in 1542 and astonished the natives so greatly with his firearms that a pistol is still sometimes called a *tanegashima* in colloquial Japanese. Another of those northern islands, the Yakushima, which I have mentioned as being the most southern bit of old Japan, for a long time enjoyed a most remarkable reputation for the honesty of its inhabitants. Doors needed neither locks nor bolts in this happy land where theft was unknown, and if a man hung up

his coat on a bush he was sure to find it untouched when he next passed that way. Alas that "civilization" has worked such a sad change; but I fear the man's confidence in the integrity of his neighbors would now be greatly shocked if he trusted himself and his belongings in that way.

Ō-shima, meaning literally "large island," is a name so frequently used by the Japanese that it becomes necessary to prefix some other word in order to identify a particular "large island." The Ō-shima of the Loochoo archipelago is therefore distinguished as Amami-Oshima; it is called "Harbour Island" on the admiralty charts. It is the second largest island of the whole group, Okinawa, or Great Loochoo, being the first in size. It lies directly in way of the Kurosiwo, or "Japan Gulf Stream," and consequently has an excessively humid climate. There are very few days when at least a little rain does not fall, and even when it is not actually raining, clouds or mist often obscure the sun. This creates a condition which is disastrous to the health of strangers; but it is most favorable to the growth of a luxuriant vegetation of certain kinds, so that small palms and tree-ferns are very abundant and striking to the eye. Lower forms of animal life, too, thrive amazingly in this climate, and the dreaded *Trimeresurus* snake

is frequently seen. Kikaigashima, which means literally "Demon World Island," is declared in popular superstition to have been in ancient times the abode of demons. Okinawa is fifty-six miles long and from two to fourteen miles wide. This island has one good harbor, Unten, or Port Melville on the charts; but it is practically useless, being on the northwest coast and far away from the centers of population and trade. The Japanese steamers, sailing vessels, and most of the junks use Nafa (or Naha or Naba), a very poor harbor near the southern end of the island. Shuri, the capital of the former kingdom of Loochoo, is only three miles inland from Nafa. There is a striking contrast between these two places: the port being the busy seat of the Japanese administration and an active mart, while the capital is still very old-world in appearance and in the life of the citizens. A conspicuous feature of the Loochooan population a few years ago was the large proportion of nobility and gentry as compared with the common people; more than one fourth of all the inhabitants were princes, nobles, or gentry. An explanation of this, although not a very satisfactory one, is that these classes claimed descent from the gods, or from nobles and exalted personages who first settled in the archipelago. The dignity of blue blood forbade all occu-

pation, and when there were no estates to provide a means of livelihood, they starved or eked out a living as best they could. They remind us somewhat of Japanese Kugè.

The venomous snake which has already been mentioned is very numerous; it hides in hedges waiting for small birds and springs out at passers-by. It also enters houses, making it dangerous in the warm season to walk about at night except with a lantern. In the waters surrounding the Loochoo Islands there are at least three distinct species of sea-snakes, all of which are called by the natives *Erabu-unagi*, that is, "Erabu-eels." Most are harmless, but the bite of one species is poisonous. They all can be caught easily in water up to a depth of about seven fathoms. In length they range from two and a half to eight feet, the poisonous ones being the largest, and, as is usual, the females are larger than the males of the same species. Like vipers in some of the rural districts of Japan, these Loochooan sea-snakes are highly prized, being consumed in great numbers as food by the rich, and in smaller quantities as medicine by the poor. They are smoked alive by being tied round and round a stick and placed at a suitable distance above a fire. They become nearly black in this process of smoking, and at first sight look like short

black sticks to one who sees them in the Nafa market, where they are commonly offered for sale.

The plants of the Loochoo Islands are very different from those of Japan and, as has already been stated, in certain forms plant life is varied and vigorous. The marvelous industry of the inhabitants makes them lay out in rice fields every tiniest nook of land capable of irrigation, even right down to the very brink of the sea. Three rice crops are generally harvested every two years, it being customary to allow a field to lie fallow during the fourth half-yearly period. Of the sweet potato as many as three crops are raised in two years. This invaluable plant, whose tubes now form the staple food of the people, was not introduced from Southern China until so recently as the year 1605 A.D., for which reason it is called *Kara-mmu*; that is, "the China [*Kara*] potato [*mmu*]." From Loochoo it was taken north to the Japanese province of Satsuma, where it is accordingly known as *Ryukyu-imo*, that is, "Loochoo potato," and thence it spread to Central and Eastern Japan, where the people call it *Satsuma imo*, from a mistaken impression of its being indigenous to that province. May I caution my readers that the proper pronunciation is *Sá-tsu-ma*, the accent being *very* slight. I must say, however, that while

the sweet potato of the southern island, Kyushu, is usually very good, and the nearer to Satsuma the better it is, the same vegetable in Central and Eastern Japan is a very poor apology for what we Americans, in the southern Atlantic States certainly, know as the sweet potato.

Professor Chamberlain makes some remarks about vegetation in the Japanese empire which confirm my own experiences and observation. His exact words are: "It is a curious fact, which I do not remember to have seen anywhere noted, that in the Japanese archipelago the vegetation diminishes, instead of increasing, in rankness as one travels south. Ride about Yezo during the summer months and the grasses and tall, coarse weeds are higher than your head as you sit on horseback. Central Japan does not carry things to such an extreme, the grass on the hills in summer being rarely much taller than a man on foot. In Great Luchu everything is much lower still. There are no tall grasses, comparatively few bamboos, few thickets of any sort. The country is park-like; and the hills, too, being lower than those of Japan and comprising no volcanic cones, but rather gentle slopes carpeted with turf, the general effect is something closely approaching to typical English scenery. The early naval visitors to Luchu

all remarked this, and went into raptures over it. For my own part, while granting the tranquil and, so to say, civilized charm of the scenery of Luchu, I do not think that it will bear comparison for a moment with the grander, more soul-stirring beauty of Japan — Japan volcano-guarded, snow-crowned, and flower-strewn; where cones, as graceful as they are treacherous, alternate with rich smiling plains and rugged granite peaks never trodden but by the foot of the hardy hunter in pursuit of the antelope or the wild boar. Luchu has none of these strong contrasts. It is all dimpled and pretty and on a small scale; there is no excitement in it. When I had left Nafa and was steaming up the Gulf of Kagoshima, at whose entrance the magnificent cone called the Fuji of Satsuma keeps guard, while another volcano smokes lazily ahead, I felt as if I had said goodbye to some pretty dairymaid, and were now re-entering the presence of an empress." All of which is correct in facts, so far as they go, and commendable in sentiment. Wider experience qualifies me to say that bamboos must be excepted from the general statement that vegetation diminishes in rankness as one goes south in the empire of Japan. In the next chapter I think I shall be able to show that the bamboos of the island of Formosa are in every

way ahead of those in Japan. According to native records, but bearing in mind that, as in Japan, "ancient history" is a matter of comparatively recent compilation, it was the Loochoo Islands which first emerged from the original chaos, before either China or Japan. But there is such similarity between the creation myths of Japan and Loochoo that it is not worth while telling the latter here. Nor shall I dwell upon history longer than to say that the first mention of Loochoo in Chinese annals is found in the year 605 A.D. A Japanese hero, Tamètomo, driven from his native land by military rivals, went to Loochoo in the twelfth century of our era, where he married the sister of the chieftain of Great Loochoo, and apparently took an active part in the government, if he did not assume the functions of a supreme ruler. Certainly his son, Shunten, obtained dominion over the whole island as well as its dependencies, and from him, according to the accepted account, the dynasty which, until the end of the nineteenth century, claimed the throne of Loochoo as its heritage is lineally descended, although it seems to be very uncertain if the rule was always undisputed and continuous.

While not exactly pertinent, the story of Tamètomo is so thoroughly Japanese that I insert it, for it is certainly amusing. During

the struggles between the rival families of Taira and Minamoto for possession of the Mikado's person, control of the imperial court, and dominion over the whole land, the most famous archer in all Japanese history came into prominence. His full name, following the Japanese rule and giving family name first, was Minamoto Tamètomo. He was reputed to have the strength of fifty ordinary men, and because his right arm was shorter than his left, he could draw a bow which four other warriors could not so much as bend. The arrows that he used were five feet long and their heads were enormous iron bolts. The Taira leader, Kiyomori, having gained the victory, compelled the puppet Mikado to banish Tamètomo to the province of Izu; but so greatly did the Taira soldiers dread him that they first cut the muscles of his right arm and then shut him up in a cage. He escaped, doubtless through the help of some common people with whom the Tairas were never in high esteem, and made his way to the Seven Isles of Izu, which stretch southward from the Bay of Tokyo. He gained the good-will of the rough people who then lived on those islands and they submitted to his rule. A fleet of war junks was sent to punish Tamètomo, but his arm having healed, he stood on the beach of Izu-Oshima — it is

called Vries Island on the charts and in the center is an active volcano — and shot a bolt which pierced the side of the flagship and sent her to the bottom, while the rest of the fleet put about and sailed away. At this point, as is invariably the case with all such Japanese stories, there is a fork and we are left to take whichever one of the two climaxes we prefer. One says that Tamètomo, after his miraculous shot, gave a yell of defiance and then returned to the house he had been occupying, set fire to it, committed *harakiri*, and his body was burned. The other declares that he fled to Loochoo, and then continues as I have already narrated.

Both China and Japan claimed overlords in Loochoo, while the Loochooans attempted the dangerous experiment of carrying water on both shoulders and tried to placate both powers by declaring that while Japan was their father, China was their mother, and they must be equally dutiful to both beloved and honored parents. The experiment led to the inevitable confusion and a final settlement of the dispute between “father and mother” did not come until 1879, when the King of Loochoo was taken as a guest, that is to say a state prisoner, to Tokyo, where he was lodged with befitting ceremony in a residence called the *Ryūkyū*

no Yashiki, "Loochoo Mansion," and an establishment fitting, not a sovereign or a Royal Highness, but a Japanese prince, was supplied him. The whole kingdom of Loochoo was annexed to Japanese domains, and was thenceforth administered as Okinawaken, but with certain local exceptions to the general rules for such prefectural governments. The Loochooans are exempted from the conscription and they are not given the right to vote for local officials or for representatives in the Imperial Diet; and both of these seeming deprivations are in reality blessings. It is probable that a few generations will be sufficient for all marked Loochooan traits to disappear; the gentle, yielding disposition of the natives being incapable of withstanding the aggressiveness and assertiveness of the Japanese. Almost certainly Professor Chamberlain's conjecture is correct, that the present Japanese and Loochooans sprang from common ancestors, those who came from Korea by way of Tsushima into Kyushu, for "this is rendered probable alike by geography, by the trend of legend, and by grammatical affinities connecting Japanese and Luchuan with Korean and Mongolian." The difference of climate and physical surroundings would be sufficient explanation of any divergence of character, rendering the Loochooans gen-

tle and pliable, the Japanese warlike and unyielding.

There is one custom of the Loochooan women which seems to give some support to the theory that the people of those islands are closely related, ethnically, with the Ainu, and were, therefore, predecessors of the Japanese. That custom is the tattooing which the women displayed. All did this on the hands; some carried it up the arms; the face does not seem to have been thus disfigured. The finger knuckles, not the thumb, are tattooed with a ball or a small bobbin; along the back of the fingers and thumbs is a broad, tapering stripe like a very much elongated arrowhead; in the middle of the back of the hands is a ball and on the wrist a ball, a lozenge, or a combination of lozenge and triangles, or whatever may be the design locally adopted.

Although a majority of the Loochoo people have now adopted the Japanese costume, or something so very like it as to be indistinguishable except to the critical eye, some of the men and most of the women did and do keep to the old style of hair-dressing. As a matter of fact, however, there never was a very marked difference between the Loochooan and the Japanese dress, except that the officials and literary men used to affect a sort of Chinese costume; but that

was done by the Japanese, too, in times of long ago.

The Loochoo men shaved the crown only; then caught the hair into a short, fat queue which curved forward over the bare spot and was skewered with a hairpin. The women of the upper classes give a little more attention to their hair than do those in the lower walks of life; but all roll it round in a twist on the top of the head and then stick a hairpin through it. These hairpins are rather what we should call a hatpin of the most advanced type; they are of gold, silver, or wood, according to the wearer's rank and ability to buy. Tortoise-shell hairpins are said to have been used on specially auspicious occasions, but no stranger seems ever to have seen one in the hair. It is hardly necessary to tell any woman of this continent or Europe that if one of her sex has to work hard about the house, in the fields, or along the road, and has nothing to keep her roll of hair in place but a long hatpin or two, it is likely to lop over to one side, "making the wearer look as if she had taken a drop too much."

In no way is the appearance of the Loochoo woman so attractive as is that of her Japanese cousin; while in grace of manner the palm goes so wholly to the latter as to leave nothing at all for the former. But we have

to pick out a peasant or a fisherwoman of Japan very carefully to get a match in strength and endurance for the ordinary coolie woman of Loochoo. It is nothing at all for one of them to carry two hundred pounds weight on her head. Of course constantly doing this gives the woman a masculine bearing and stride which are not exactly prepossessing.

"The drollest sight is that of the women bringing sucking pigs to market on their heads. A disk of straw serves as a couch to which the animal is firmly tied, with its legs sticking out fore and aft, so that it looks as if it were taking a swimming lesson. I was looking on one day when an intending purchaser came up. So one little pig was taken down and his points were shown off by his mistress, who held him up by the tail and hind legs, for all the world as if his swimming lesson had progressed as far as the art of taking headers. The woman asked a dollar and a half for him. The buyer would not give more than a dollar. So Master Pig, as I departed, was being mounted again on his straw pad, screaming loud enough to raise the town. Did fashion, in her wildest flights, ever go further than in thus adding a sucking pig to the attractions of a lady's coiffure? Curiously enough, there seems to be a general prejudice in Luchu

against allowing animals the use of their legs. Pigs, when too big to be carried on the head, are slung on a pole between two men. Goats I saw similarly carried, and never on any occasion did I see pigs or goats driven, as we should drive them in Europe." But Professor Chamberlain need not have gone to such an out-of-the-way corner of the world as Loochoo to see animals carried about in this way. It is always done in China; and laugh at it as we like, it works a tremendous saving of time and temper for those who have to take a pig, or a goat, or even an obstinate bullock or water-buffalo from one place to another in a hurry.

The ladies of Loochoo are never seen by any men but fathers and brothers, either in their homes or in the street; although the stranger who is calling on a male friend is often made to know that the gentler members of the household are taking a sly peep at him from behind a rustling screen or through a lattice door. It is a gross breach of etiquette to ask a gentleman about the health of his wife and daughters, and it is resented either emphatically or by a contemptuous silence. A lady rarely leaves her home after she has been borne in a closed sedan from her birthplace to her husband's residence; and when some most unavoidable compulsion, a funeral, for example, takes her abroad,

she is carefully hidden from view, and from viewing, in a closed palanquin.

I can give but one paragraph about a Loochooan funeral from Professor Chamberlain's paper. "When a Luchuan dies, a mosquito net is hung over the body, and curtains are drawn all round, so that none may see in. The weeping relatives relieve guard, one by one, in the chamber of death. The funeral is attended not only by the family, but by other mourners, who, said to have been originally the servants of allied families, have in modern times developed into a professional class that earns a livelihood by simulating transports of grief. I had heard much about these funerals both from Japanese and natives; and one spring afternoon, while on my way to visit that little gem of beauty, the royal pleasure-grounds at Shikina, I suddenly came on such a procession hurrying along a country lane—the Buddhist priest in front, then the coffin, then a train of some thirty persons, of whom five or six were hired mourners, apparently females, though immense straw hats hid their faces from view. They were attired in coarse cloth made of banana fiber; they uttered the most dismal groans, and tottered so that they had to be supported on either side by assistants who, as it were, bore them up and at the same time pulled

them rapidly along. The portion of the professional mourner's art most difficult of acquirement and most highly prized is weeping copiously *through the nose*. In the production of these unpleasant tears—for so by courtesy let us call them—the professional mourners are said to attain extraordinary proficiency.” A Loochooan grave or tomb is almost exactly the same as a typical Chinese one.

The Loochooan ladies are too much like those of Greece who were not educated to be both intellectual companions and domestic helpmeets of their husbands. In consequence the Loochooan gentleman seeks relaxation and lively companionship among a class that is excluded from refined society the world over, except through the Far East, and is tolerated there only in exceptional circumstances. A Japanese visitor to Loochoo wrote of these women thus: “The Loochooan *hetairæ* differ greatly in their ways from those of the mainland of Japan. They are frank and no flatterers. Every Japanese trader arriving in Loochoo engages one, to whom he entrusts everything, even to the management of his business affairs; and when he leaves, the girl sells for the best prices she can get all the merchandise entrusted to her charge, so that when her master returns again to Loochoo she is

prepared to render him a strict account, in which there is never any mistake or deception even to the sum of one *rin*. Moreover, this good conduct is the result of natural character; there is no selfish motive or vanity about it." These women are rarely able to write and know nothing about keeping accounts; yet they manage to preserve a record of their transactions by tying knots in cords to assist their memory, and thus they conduct business which sometimes amounts to hundreds of dollars. If space permitted, I should like to tell of the Loo-chooan marriage ceremony, of the theater, and other matters which are exceedingly curious to us; but I have again written a chapter that is too long. Yet I think it will be admitted that these far-away, inaccessible neighbors are interesting.

CHAPTER XIV

FORMOSA AND THE FORMOSANS

IN January, 1867, I was a junior clerk in a commercial house at Swatow, China. One important part of our business was bringing from the north of China, Newchwang, in Western Manchuria, and Chefoo, on Shantung peninsula, cargoes of beancake. In those northern sections of the Chinese empire enormous crops of beans are raised. The oil is pressed out and the residue, in thick, round, flat disks, is sent away to be used as a fertilizer. The sugar-cane growers about Swatow formerly bought large quantities of these beancakes. Whether they continue to do so or not, I do not know; for with the great advance that has been made in business enterprise during forty odd years, even in old China, it may be that nowadays those Swatow farmers make use of a better fertilizer than beancake. Our firm had chartered the American bark "Rover," Captain Hunter, to go to Newchwang in the late autumn and bring back a cargo of beancake amounting to several hundred tons. Both charter and cargo were

a venture of a Chinese firm for whom we acted as agents.

In those days there were very few cargo steamers in Far Eastern waters. To be sure, the mail steamers carried some cargo from port to port; but what I mean is that there were few of what may be called "tramp steamers," whose owners or captains were willing to take such a charter as that we made with the captain of the "Rover," who was the principal owner of the bark. Furthermore, mail facilities to and from such an out-of-the-way port as Newchwang were not very good then, and about the time that we heard from our correspondents at that place, telling us that the "Rover" had been loaded and had sailed for Swatow, it was almost time to look for her arrival.

But she did not come, and after a month or more we heard from the American commercial agent — who is an official to perform the duties at a small place where trade is not sufficient to justify the appointment of a full Consul — at Taiwan-fu, Formosa, that an American vessel had been wrecked on the extreme southeast coast of the island. The agent added that there was strong reason to fear that all the crew who had reached land had been killed and eaten by the cannibal savages of that almost inaccessible part of the island. The Chinese

mandarins in Formosa were in such mortal dread of those aborigines that they were reluctant to make any investigation; but pressure was brought to bear upon these cowards, and at last it was proved, by a piece of wood on which was painted the word "Rover," that the wrecked vessel was the one we had chartered and had been expecting for so long. Furthermore, someone succeeded in getting from a chief of those savages a confession that the captain, his wife, and a few of the sailors had reached the shore alive, but they had then been promptly butchered and eaten by the cannibals. It was impossible to induce the Chinese government to make a vigorous effort to find and punish the criminals, and I think that was one of the very few cases in which the Chinese government has not been compelled to pay a large indemnity for the murder of foreigners.

This account gives a very clear idea of the character of the Formosans half a century ago. Since the Japanese secured possession of the island they have had an immense amount of trouble with some of those native tribes, whose members are certainly not much like Chinese, even those who may seem to have relapsed into savagery. At one time the Japanese government went so far as to contemplate a war of extermina-

tion against the Formosan aborigines, for it appeared to be a hopeless task to bring them under subjection; but better council prevailed, and little by little those natives are being conquered and, I may almost say, civilized. Yet they are still very treacherous and frequently they ambush the Japanese troops, killing all they can. Usually the retaliation is prompt and cruel. A few years ago the Japanese government brought a number of the chiefs to Tokyo in a steamer and by railway and showed them a great deal of the comforts and advantages of civilization. I think that was a wise thing to do, and I believe it had a good effect.

Usually the mail steamers from Hong-kong bound northward, to Shanghai or direct to Yokohama, pass through the Formosa Straits and the passengers get a distant view of the western coast of the island, which is not particularly rugged or inhospitable in appearance. In September, 1868, I was a passenger on the steamer "Japan," and the captain went through the Bashee channel, round the southern end of Formosa, and up the east coast of the island, so that for a few hours we had a look at the bold cliffs, where the "Rover" must have been wrecked a few months before, and a glimpse of Mount Morrison. We

were rather glad, I must say, to draw away from that desolation and to gain the open sea. "It is a little south of Su-o that begins the magnificent line of precipitous mountains, or rather *cliffs*, which, with few interruptions, characterize the east coast of Formosa down to latitude twenty-three degrees. The lower third of the total height of these mountains (five to seven thousand feet) is almost perpendicular. All the rest, except on the sea face, is clothed from base to summit with the densest vegetation; and the gigantic wall of rock is riven every few miles by huge gorges of unparalleled grandeur. The sea-wall of Hoy in the Orkneys and the cliffs of the Yosemite valley fade into insignificance by comparison."¹

A very interesting cruise, circumnavigating Formosa, calling at many small ports and including the Pescadores, a group of small islands belonging to Japan in the Formosa channel, opposite the middle of Formosa, may be made in a fair-sized Japanese steamer, on which the accommodations, food, and service are in European style, so that the Western traveler is assured of comfort in these important matters. The voyage begins at Keelung, the principal port, at the northern end of the island, proceeds

¹ Abridged by Chamberlain and Mason from Dr. Guille-mard's "Cruise of the *Marchesa*."

down the east coast, turns up the west coast, includes the Pescadores, and finishes at the same place in about nine days.

Keelung is the terminus of the railway, narrow gage and equipped in the same way as are the lines in Japan proper, which crosses the island — a short branch to Tamsui, at the northwest corner — to the west coast and will before long be carried down that coast until it joins the section now in service northward from Takao, the seaport near the southwest corner of the island. Even now there is a rude tramway between the ends of the steam railway. Over this, light, open trucks filled with seats and pushed by men may be used by travelers who are very keen about seeing and doing everything.

After this ship voyage of circumnavigation, with its many ports of call, the tourist will probably wish to travel inland. An opportunity should be sought for visiting a grove of the "feathery bamboo," for those of Formosa are without rival in any part of the world. This he may do in the extreme northern parts and along the west coast, although it will be well not to be abroad in *jinrikisha* or on foot after dark, in most places at least. The Japanese officials, civilian and army, will not allow strangers to visit much of the eastern and southeastern sections of the island, because of the risk to

life from the dangerous savages. There are a few outposts where the traveler may have a chance to see some of these wild people, if he is anxious to do so.

The tourist must be prepared to put up with some inconveniences in Formosa, even more so than when off the "beaten tracks" in Japan proper. The hotels and inns are, I believe, all kept by Japanese, and while they are usually pretty clean, the beds are not always quite so comfortable as one could wish. Naturally at most of the hotels the food served is selected and prepared with a view to pleasing the Japanese patrons, and strangers must have been accustomed to the Japanese menu before they can thrive upon it, and I doubt if it can be truthfully said that any American or European adult ever did come really to like Japanese food as a whole diet, although there are some dishes which are most palatable.

One thing which tends to make a Japanese meal unsatisfactory is the absence of salt from all the dishes. About the only food that is *cooked* with salt is "planked" fish. Even the boiled rice is not seasoned at all. The people themselves get the very little salt which long habit of going without it has made sufficient for them from their pickles, which are cured in a fairly strong brine; but inasmuch as these pickles are generally

very suggestive of extremely rank *sauerkraut*, they are not tempting to the foreigner's palate. One consequence of this absence of salt is that the stranger who tries to "live on the land" is pretty sure to have a bad attack of indigestion. Whenever the tourist goes to any part of Japan away from "foreign style" hotels, it is advisable to take a bottle of English salt with him. The native article should be avoided because it contains too much alum. In Formosa this precaution is not so important, because at most of the places one is likely to visit there is pretty sure to be a "European restaurant."

If I have used the word "aborigines" in writing of the Formosans, it must be understood that I know I am not scientifically accurate, even if ethnologists have not come to complete agreement as to just what that word shall mean. Whether or not it can be correct to call Formosans *aborigines* at all, is extremely difficult to decide; certainly we do not know anything about such human beings. The savages are undoubtedly of Malay origin, yet they are different from the people of Luzon with whom Europeans have been in contact for nearly four centuries. Thirteen centuries ago, when the Chinese are said to have first reached Formosa, they found a number of different tribes scattered

over the island, and almost constantly fighting with one another or amongst themselves; yet all evidently belonging to the Malaysian or Polynesian branch of the human family.

The Chinese, coming from the mainland across the Formosa channel, naturally made their first acquaintance with the long, and in many places very wide, western plain which is admirable agricultural land. But the Chinese could not have had any right to claim credit as discoverers, for the Formosans had already crossed the rough straits on rafts and rudely built boats. In doing that the savages displayed bravery far greater than that of the Chinese who, even in the seventh century of our era, were provided with sailing junks of fair size.

In that western section the Chinese came in contact with one particularly large group of Formosans who seem to have called themselves *Paiwan*. It may be that this name suggested that of *Taiwan*, by which the Chinese called the island, and which has been continued by the Japanese, since they secured possession in 1895. A more probable and accurate explanation is *T'ai*, a term of respect, and *Wan*, a cove or anchorage; that is to say, something like "marvelous harbor." The intruding Chinese were, even in the seventh century, so much better armed and disciplined than the savages that there

was little difficulty in driving most of the natives into the mountainous sections of the south, and from that practically inaccessible region they have never yet been dislodged.

The greater part of whatever study of the Formosan aborigines has been attempted is the work of Japanese ethnologists, and these investigators say that there seem to have been at least eight different and important immigrations of the Polynesians; and the native inhabitants are, therefore, classified into eight groups. The names by which those groups are known, and those titles are derived from the people themselves, lead us to suspect that all may have come from remoter Polynesia than the Philippine archipelago, from that rather indefinite region called "The South Sea Islands." One horrible custom, "head hunting," may link the Formosans with nearer Oceanica.

The members of three groups were conquered by the Chinese and submitted to their rule. Original customs and even their own languages were abandoned by the savages, and those of the conquerors adopted to such an extent that the Japanese officials call the survivors of those three groups "domesticated savages," and they give no trouble. "The other groups dwell in the central mountain range, some occupy districts of five or six thousand feet elevation.



BIRD'S *Eye View of Miyajima*

The traditions of all, however, agree that they did not occupy the rough mountainous districts prior to the arrival of the strangers. Then in undisputed possession, the vast and fertile plain of the western half was their home land, and here they enjoyed a life of ease and plenty. It was their defeat in the struggle for supremacy with the immigrants that drove them into the mountains."¹

Some of those Formosa savages are very much like the "Earth Spiders" of prehistoric Japan. That is their houses, domiciles, are almost entirely below the surface of the ground. A pit is dug and lined with stone; then short, stout poles are set round the hole tall enough to give a little more height to the *house* inside. From these posts, light poles are thrown across, and the roof is usually made of flat stones, well covered with earth, so that at even a very short distance it is difficult to detect one of these pit dwellings. The stairs, when provided, are a stout pole with notches cut for the bare toes. Near each dwelling is a storehouse, with thatched roof generally, raised a few feet above the ground on strong posts; each post being capped with a piece of flat wood that projects far enough to prevent rats and other small thieves from climbing into the granary.

¹ J. W. Davidson, "The Island of Formosa."

Most of those Formosans who had been brought into contact with the Chinese adopted the Chinese costume, but not the queue; and since the reign of the Japanese those former savages are often as Europeanized in costume as are their new masters. The native costume, to be seen occasionally, is practically the same as the East Indian *sarong*; that is, a piece of cloth wrapped round the body, reaching about halfway down the thighs, or by women below the knees, and the end thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm free. The men of the Atayal group, in the northern part of the island, used to wear a small skull cap made of the skin stripped from the head of a young deer, with the small horns projecting. The same group did practise tattooing, both sexes accounting it as a distinctive sign of maturity. The men had short, vertical lines in the middle of the forehead; and when they were recognized as adults, similar lines were tattooed on the breast. "The females on attaining womanhood add a rather complex pattern in pale blue leading from the mouth with an upward curve to the ears, and measuring nearly an inch in width. It is made up of three sets of three lines, each set being connected by a chevron line."¹

¹ Davidson.

An Atayal man was not permitted to marry until he had attended the council of warriors, to which no one was admitted until he had killed a man from some other tribe and showed the head to the council. In certain Atayal settlements there was a detached hut, elevated some twenty feet from the ground and reached by climbing up a notched post. In this each bridal couple had to pass the five nights immediately following the marriage. These people inter the dead, the graves being dug anywhere beyond the lines of the village, and apparently without any geomantic considerations, such as the *Fung-shui* of the Chinese. Some families desert the house wherein a death has occurred, others do not; but all consider the burial place as consecrated, perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say bewitched, ground, and they never visit the graves of even their parents.

The head-hunting proclivities of the Atayals, as well as of all other Formosans who practised this custom, seem to connect them with some of the most bloodthirsty nations of the East Indies; for instance, the Dyaks of Borneo, the Andaman Islanders, although the latter are not strictly East Indies, and others. Mr. Davidson tells us that the Formosans not only considered head hunting justifiable, but that they looked upon it

as obligatory in the following mentioned cases. First, to be assured of good crops and plenty of food with general prosperity, the heads of human beings who have just been killed must be offered up to the tribal ancestors. Second, to qualify a young man for admission into the council of braves as a recognized adult. Third, in order that a young bachelor may gain favor with the maidens and make it possible for him to secure one of the most attractive belles as his wife, his chances being increased with the number of heads he could show. Fourth, to command respect and admiration, and to secure rank and influence, again success being measured by the number of heads taken. Fifth, to secure freedom or relief from pestilence, an epidemic of smallpox, a legacy from the Chinese, may be checked or an individual case cured by a successful head-hunting raid. Sixth, to gain the victory about some disputed matter or to recover standing, to "save one's face" as the Chinese say, when an offense against the community has been committed intentionally or by accident. In the case of a dispute the two parties will both go head hunting and the first to return with a bloody trophy secures a verdict in his favor. Loss of prestige in any way may be wiped out by bringing in the head of a stranger.

It is hardly necessary to say that since the Japanese have assumed the government this terrible custom has been almost broken up; not entirely stopped, however, for in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of the officials, occasionally a native Formosan will go on a head-hunting raid. It must be remembered that it is not necessary for the victim to be an avowed enemy with whom and his people the slayer's tribe is at war. Any stranger whom the head-hunter may chance to meet as soon as he passes beyond his own tribe's territory is liable to be butchered in cold blood and his head chopped off.

With some of the Formosans there is a semi-survival of the old custom, once followed in many parts of the world, of gaining a wife by forcible capture; but it has long been merely a farce on the island. With young men of the Tsou group, there is exceptional freedom in selecting the bride. The gallant offers the belle a deerhorn hairpin, and if this is accepted it is the same as a betrothal. But there must be a pretense of force in carrying off the bride; this is done by the groom and a few friends. The morning after the capture the bride runs away to her father's home, whence, after three days, she is again "carried off," and now remains with her husband.

The most southern of the savages, the Tsalisen group, are, in certain ways, the nearest to being civilized. In marriage the consent of the parents on both sides must be secured. After that has been done and the marriage consummated, the wife remains with her parents for a year; then, if a child is born, she goes to her husband's home and is recognized as a married woman. If there is no offspring the husband ceases to visit his wife, and the marriage is considered canceled. Both are then free to marry any other person. This is something of a relapse. These Formosan natives are losing their peculiarities very fast; but that they are interesting neighbors has, at least, been suggested in this chapter.

CHAPTER XV

KOREA AND THE KOREANS

I AM sorry to write of what really is an interesting country as one of the "has beens" among the nations of the Far East. Japan owes so much to Korea that it seems a great pity the teachers of such a remarkable people as the modern Japanese certainly are could not have been permitted to maintain their independence. Had the great United States of America kept its promises faithfully, there would undoubtedly be an empire or a kingdom of Korea to write about, instead of giving the people just one short chapter. As one branch of a rather large family, Our Japanese Neighbors, there is still a good deal about the Koreans which makes it quite appropriate to discuss them in connection with the Japanese; and therefore I suppose we must make up our minds that the annexation of "The Hermit Nation" by the powerful "Empire of the Rising Sun" was not only inevitable, but may be for the best after all.

If we accept literally the definition of an island as being a body of land, smaller than

a continent, entirely surrounded by water, we shall have to describe Korea as an island. This is a surprise to most people, I have no doubt, and yet if a large-scale map is carefully studied, it will be seen that about the middle of Korea's northern border there is a small lake from which flow two streams. The one of these brooks which goes northward carries its waters to the Tumen River, emptying into the Japan Sea just south of Vladivostok; while that which flows westward is a tributary of the Yalu River, which empties into Korea Bay, a northern section of the Yellow Sea. Thus the Department, or Government, of Chosen, for that is the official Japanese name for the little country which used to be an empire, is literally an island; but no one ever thinks of it as such, and all quite properly speak of Korea as a part of the mainland of Asia. Its history is interesting and one the study of which takes us very far back in the record of events more than a thousand years ago. But so many books have been written about Korea's evolution, history, and passing away, as an independent state, that I shall not attempt to do much with those subjects. Besides, for my purpose, the people themselves are even more interesting than is the record of their country, of their government, and of their political institutions.

Korea was about the only country I have visited where it was truly such a misfortune to be rich that very few men tried to amass a fortune; because unless the Korean Croesus was an official of sufficiently high rank and had influence at Soûl sufficient to enable him to preserve his wealth, it was sure to be taken from him unfairly. Not many years ago Korea was so wretchedly governed that local tax collectors were enormously powerful and they used their power most oppressively. Their duty was to try to make the common people, the working classes, pay for the support of the emperor and his court, when there were thousands of indolent hangers-on who did nothing, but live off the state treasury; besides these there were the active officials, the nobles, the thousands of tax collectors themselves, and a lot more who produced nothing, yet had to be supported by the farmers and tradesmen. Frequently, when a farmer had been unusually successful with his crops or a shopkeeper had saved up a little more than he actually needed for the support of himself and his family, these dreadful tax collectors would notify the prosperous man that his tax had been doubled or trebled or increased many hundredfold; and the unfortunate man knew only too well that it was useless for him to resist these unlawful

demands. That is why I say there was a time, not very long ago, when it was most unlucky for a Korean to acquire wealth.

My first impressions of Korea were truly of a "Land of the Morning Calm," as Mr. Percival Lowell called the country in his fascinating book, written less than thirty years ago. In the very year that I went to Asia for the first time, 1866, an attempt was made by Russia to dispel the calm which had so long hung over Korea. A gunboat arrived at Gensan on the east coast, bearing a request from the Tsar that permission to trade be granted Russians. The only important effect of that effort, for it was entirely unsuccessful commercially, was that it led to the persecution of Christians, both foreign and native; French Roman Catholic missionaries had been working in Korea for many years. The French government tried to punish the Koreans for these outrages, but the effort was not successful; and a similar punitive expedition of Americans in 1871 was also unavailing. The Koreans would not have their calm disturbed by the intrusion of foreigners and Western ways. Most people judge the Korean character as to pugnacity, ability to fight, and all that by what has been reported within the past ten years. The ease with which Japan has had her way in Korea justifies the assump-

tion that the people have no backbone at all, but to read correct accounts of the opposition to intruders displayed between 1866 and 1890 will dispel that misapprehension.

Not until 1876 was the first foreign treaty with Korea signed, and that was with Japan. By its terms the independence of Korea was recognized and Japan treated Korea as an equal. In 1888 a treaty was made with the United States of America, and the first diplomatic representative took up his residence in Söul, the capital. In that same year an embassy was sent to America. I remember well the sensation created by the appearance of the Koreans as they passed through the streets of Washington, their white robes, odd girdles, and wonderful hats were so different from anything the residents had seen. Those hats were made of horsehair woven in fine, open mesh, through which could be seen the skull cap which, by its shape and close fit, suggested an absolutely shaven crown. Wonderful things were those hats; as Mr. Lowell says, "a truly fine invention, worthy of ranking, for meaningless absurdity of form, with our own tall hat of fashion." You may see this remarkable headgear in some out-of-the-way place, where a Japanese official has not compelled the men to give it up. "No Korean can in decency appear without it, except

only to make room for some other hat. A man would part with any or all his clothing sooner than take off his hat. On entering a house he leaves his shoes outside to await his return, but he and his hat go in together. As he sits down to eat he divests himself of his outer garments that he may eat with the greater freedom, but his hat stays on; and so it sticks to him through life, a permanent black halo." Until the Korean youth arrived at the dignity of this hat, his appearance was so girlish that every visitor was deceived. He allowed his hair to grow all over the head, and dressed it in one long heavy braid which hung down to his waist. I recollect that when I first arrived at Fusan and saw the lighters come alongside our steamer, I was indignant that young women should be forced to do the hard work of stevedores, when there were so many able-bodied men about. Then I remembered that some one had said "the prettiest girls in Korea are the big boys and young men," and I laughed at my indignation.

When I went back to the Far East to live, Japan had already gone a long way in her process of development. Steamers were daily passing from the Inland Sea or from Nagasaki to ports in China, or returning thence, and sweeping past a land that was still fast asleep. The nineteenth century

was drawing to its close before that slumber was really disturbed. Then came the clash between the modern Japanese navy and army and the Chinese warships and troops. I dare not use the word "modern" when writing of China's army and navy in 1894, for while there were undoubtedly some very good warships flying the dragon flag and some excellent material in the army, there were no leaders, no fighting officers in either branch. Into that clash Korea was indirectly and unwillingly drawn, and soon that country became as troublesome a factor in the diplomacy of the Far East as Turkey has always been to the statesmen of Europe when they are forced to consider the Near Eastern Question.

It seems almost as if nature had wilfully conspired with the Koreans to preserve their strange isolation. With but a very few exceptional rifts which give entrance to harbors, the whole coast of the peninsula is rockbound and unattractive. Those Europeans who first cruised along these forbidding shores could hardly believe that back of the stern coast there was a large population of industrious people whose development in arts and industries had been of inestimable advantage to Japan in the centuries long past. Even when the ports of Fusan and Gensan, called also Wonsan, on the east

coast, or Chemulpo on the west, are entered there is still little to indicate that the apparent inhospitable will soon give place to the attractive if the stranger pursues his journey a few miles into the interior.

We can hardly venture to guess what our Korean neighbors are going to be when they have survived the severe process of reorganization and developing to which the Japanese are now subjecting them. Still there yet remains enough of the old-time characteristics to set off the people of Korea very distinctly from the rest of the world.

The ancient records of Korea show us that the people were brave warriors, quite able to give the valiant Japanese a fairly equal fight; and those native records, which have been carefully studied by such competent scholars as Mr. William G. Aston and others, are confirmed by the Chinese annals. Again, while other nations were trying to force their way into Korea in the last century, the people were by no means unsuccessful in their armed resistance. Yet when the government decided to open their country, we find the Koreans, as a rule, a quiet, industrious people. One of the most intelligent observers, Mr. Homer B. Hulbert,¹ says that the experience of those who have had intimate association with the various peoples

¹ "The Passing of Korea."

of the Far East leads them to say that it is easier to understand the Korean and to get closer to him than it is to understand either the Japanese or the Chinese. The sense of mental difference is readily lost, and anyone who remains for a time in Korea forgets that the people are Koreans and not members of our own race. There are to be seen in Korea, as in Japan, two different types of human beings, the true Mongolian and that which shows Malaysian origin. In this connection I quote from Mr. Hulbert, but I preface his remarks with the statement that they are simply an expression of my own observations, made long before he published his book in 1906. "The French missionaries in Korea were the first to note a curious similarity between the Korean language and the languages of the Dravidian peoples of southern India. It is well established that India was formerly inhabited by a race closely allied to the Turanian peoples, and that when the Aryan conquerors swept over India the earlier tribes were either driven in flight across into Burmah and the Malay peninsula, or were forced to find safety among the mountains in the Deccan. From the Malay peninsula we may imagine them spreading in various directions. Some went north along the coast, others into the Philippine Islands, then to Formosa, where Mr.

Davidson, the best authority, declares that the Malay type prevails. The powerful 'Black Current,' the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, naturally swept northward those who were shipwrecked. The Liu-Kiu Islands were occupied, and the last wave of this great dispersion broke on the southern shores of Japan and Korea, leaving there the nucleus of those peoples who resemble each other so that if dressed alike they cannot be distinguished as Japanese or Korean even by an expert. The small amount of work that has been so far done indicates a striking resemblance between these southern Koreans and the natives of Formosa, and the careful comparison of the Korean language with that of the Dravidian peoples of southern India reveals such a remarkable similarity, phonetic, etymologic, and syntactic, that one is forced to recognize in it something more than mere coincidence. The endings of many of the names of the ancient colonies in southern Korea are the exact counterpart of Dravidian words meaning 'settlement' or 'town.' The endings *caster* and *coln* in English are no more evidently from the Latin than these endings in Korea are from the Dravidian."

In temperament the Korean stands midway between the rather phlegmatic Chinese and the positively sanguine Japanese. One

must not measure the Korean's character by what is first seen, an appearance of unthrift, carelessness, and narrowness. He is both cool-headed and hot-headed. He can reason calmly, but he can also act at white heat. In these he seems to be rather like the Anglo-Saxon.

The religions of China were long ago forced upon the Koreans, but I doubt if any one of them, Confucianism, Tauism, or Buddhism, ever really supplanted the native fetishism. Later the belief in *Hananim* became more general than did any of the exotic faiths. The word is compounded of "heaven" and "master" and is, therefore, the pure Korean counterpart of the Chinese term meaning "Lord of Heaven," and the people consider this being the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Therefore in this aspect of religion the Koreans are distinctly monotheists, and the Protestant missionaries have used the word *Hananim* as the title for God. The people themselves rarely worship *Hananim* direct; the emperor did that for his subjects: this doubtless came from imitation of Chinese monarchs. When Christian missionaries began their work, they found the Koreans very receptive; and in the latter part of the nineteenth century, when Protestants entered the field, they too seemed to make rapid progress. But I fear that too

many of the converts looked upon the missionaries as a political bond between their own governments and that of Korea; so that when, a year or so ago, Korea was annexed to Japan, the people were disposed to consider themselves as having been deserted. The reaction which followed was regrettable; yet the civilizing influence of the Christian missionary will continue and must eventually bring results that shall be permanent.

Although there is plenty to attract the visitor in the way of natural scenery, it is a most difficult matter to travel when one leaves the railway. The roads are now abominable, and on a pony or on one's own feet is the only way to get about. The stranger must not accept the appearance of the coast as an index of what the interior may be, for there is much to attract. The climate is delightful, and the love for and appreciation of their beautiful scenery which the natives display could not have been aroused were there no foundation for them. "Korea possesses a geography, nearly five hundred years old, in which the beauties of each separate prefecture are described in minute detail, so that it constitutes a complete historical and scenic guidebook of the entire country."

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NOTE — This list is intended to be merely a suggestion. No attempt at completeness has been made: for such information see Wenckstern's Bibliography, 2 vols., up to 1909. J. K. G.

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